TWO TREATISES.

The First of

Christs Counsell to the Angell of the Church of *LAODICEA:*

Being a Warning-peece for the *Ministers of these times.*

The Second of

Holy Meditations, & Contemplations of Jesus Christ,

Concerning our Redemption, Reconciliation, and Hope of Glorification by *HIM* alone.

LONDON,
Printed by *Rich. Cotes*, for *Joh. Sweeting* and are to be sold at his shop, at the signe of the *Angel*, in Popes-head Alley. 1642.

Christs Counsell to the Angell of the *Church of* Laodicea.

OR,

A sharpe Reproofe for selfe conceited *LAODICEA.*

Being a Warning-peece for the Ministers of these times: Drawne from these words, *Rev.*3.18. *I counsell thee to buy, &c.*

Occasioned by an obscure and difficult Sermon Preached upon the fore-going words.

Rev. 3. 17.

Because thou saith I am rich and increase with good and have need of nothing? &c.

LONDON,
Printed for *John Sweeting.*
1642.

Christ's Counsel
to the Angell of the
Church of Laodicea.

OR

A Sermon preached before the Right Honourable the Lord Mayor, the Aldermen, and the Commons, at Guild-Hall Chappell, upon the Fifth of November, 1676. Being a Day appointed by Act of Parliament to be kept Holy, for Thanksgiving for the Deliverance from the Horrid Powder-Treason.

By Edward Fowler, D.D. Rector of St. Giles in the Fields, and Chaplain in Ordinary to His Majesty.

London, Printed for Jonah Bowyer, at the Rose in Ludgate-street, 1676.

TO THE CHRISTIAN READER,

Grace and Peace be multiplyed.

TRuth needs no Patron, it is for error, or suspected matter, to seek for protection; there was never lesse worth seene in writing since it hath beene used, as a meane to be-

Gen Rec 15N37 Brown
987840

get a Patron that is a friend; not to Truth, but for other covetous ends: the constant Sun-shine of peace hath brought so much dust into the common Rodes, that it is justifyable to make a start oth' one side, and if you follow too, it may proove the better for your eye-sight, as long as you live: indeed the Author hereof is a very starter: you see he would not so much as set his name to this his Discourse, and his reason is, he would have no man know more of him than what is hereby discernable: the Treatise it selfe required that the Authors name should not be knowne, for that the Authors name is enough to prejuditate the Reader, which the Authour finding true in himselfe, and others, yeelded to conceale himselfe:

ſelfe: he therefore that hath a mind too't, let him reade on Gods name, without ſcruple or by-conſideration, if it doe any one good, that is moſt heartily deſired, and ſurely if it doe any one harme, it muſt be by overmuch weakneſſe, if any ones learning doe chance to ſpye it out, then the Authour is no Scholler, much good may it doe his wiſedome, indeed he wrote this haſtily, and without booke, which is the part rather of a Maſter; it iſſued wholly from inward principles, and not from forraine acquiſition: and was occaſioned by an obſcure difficult Sermon Preacht upon the ſame words, wherein was chiefly obſerved, that there is abundance of riches, and moſt pretious Treaſure in the hands of Jeſus Chriſt, and there-

fore

fore what should men doe to get Christ? and he that obtained Christ, why he obtained Salvation, and all kind of Grace; and so went on in that common roade, which leads to meere uncertainties; and he that seekes for peace in that way, how brave and plausible soever it seemes to be, shall be as far from his expectation, as he that is mis-lead by a false and fleeting night-fire: which so troubled the minde of the Authour, to see hay and stubble built on so golden a Foundation: for what is it else, when Preachers should be informing us of our Peace and Reconciliation, purchased by the mercies of Christ fully, and compleatly; to be telling us of Salvation in the hands of Jesus Christ, and that wee must obtaine

Christ

Christ, before we can obtaine Salvation? Is any thing their duty, but as Ministers of this blessed Reconciliation to perswade us in Christs stead to be reconciled to God, and to live in assurance thereof, with peace of Conscience and joy in the Holy Ghost: and to tell us that wee have nought at all to doe but to be thankefull? missing hereof upon so faire an occasion: he undertooke the same theame, through Zeale to the Truth of God and love to his Brethren, to whom hee wisheth as to his owne Soule.

Farewell in the Lord, and be chearefull.

Christs Counsell to the Angell of the Church of *LAODICEA.*

REV. 3. 18.

I counsell thee to buy of me gold tryed in the fire, that thou maist be rich; and white rayment, that thou mayest be cloathed; and that the shame of thy nakednesse doe not appeare; and annoynt thine eyes with eye-salve, that thou mayest see.

IT appeareth plainely by foregoing passages, that this was spoken by our Saviour Christ unto the Angell of the Church of *Laodicea:*

dicea: The right understanding whereof may prove of great use, and very worthy the most serious consideration in all times.

First then, let us consider the precedent, and the present state of this Church of *Laodicea*.

The precedent state thereof, (doubtlesse) was a state of integrity and sincerity: consisting of beleevers of the Truth, and professors thereof.

Their fault was want of perseverance, occasioned in them (in all probability) by rest and security, which we finde by experience to creepe by degrees into the most pious and devout mindes: It being incident unto faith, through want of exercise to flag the wing and flie neerer and neerer to the earth, even till the wings thereof become wet and clammy with partaking of the fogs, and mists, and dust thereof; which is generally brought to passe by

by Peace and plenteous prosperity; Want and persecution being ever the best preservers of Faith, and occasions of a high and lofty flight; in those times onely, we have our only comfort in God; when all other things faile, then we flie unto him, and continue our contemplations on his never-failing goodnesse, and infallible love, which possesseth the soule with a hot and fiery zeale, for the truth and glory of God. But through want of occasion, and want of necessity, we become remisse in our Meditations, and suffer our spirits to gad, and to wander in the enjoyments of the pleasures, and profits, and ambitions, and other vanities of this life; by which our affections are alienated from things above, and take pleasure and contentment in things earthly and beneath.

Our affection being altered, our judgement cannot faile to be corrupted,

ted; and so our Faith, our light, becomes darkened, and obscured, and hence proceeds a lesse love unto divine things, and greater insensibility of the love of God, and then followes a wavering in the minde, an instability in the understanding, being tossed to and fro with every winde of Doctrine, which necessarily produceth a lukewarmenesse in the affection.

As to a people in this condition: so speakes our Saviour to these *Laodiceans*: A people that did not directly call evill good, and good evill: That did not directly take light for darkenesse, and darkenesse for light. Of such a people there had beene more hope; it being more possible to perswade or worke something upon such a people, than upon these *Laodiceans*, who seeme by these our Saviours words, to be a people of such a strange qualification, that there was no use to be made of them:

them: a kind of medley, Linſie-woolſie-people, that had a forme of godlineſſe, but no part of the power thereof.

And yet if any were ſo bold, as to goe about to diſcover them to themſelves, they tooke it in ſuch foule ſcorn, that without expoſtulating or arguing, they pride, and boaſt themſelves that they are rich and increaſed with goods, and have need of nothing: and know not that they are wretched and miſerable, and poore, and blind, and naked: though indeed, and in truth, they are no otherwiſe.

And this may be the caſe and condition of many in our dayes, who yet are very confident of their good eſtate: of their unqueſtionable diſcerning: But if ſo much could be gained of them, as that they would but queſtion, or ſuffer to be queſtioned, their principles, they would be found to be

a people to whom this of our Saviour were very proper and necessary, *I counsell thee to buy of me gold tryed in the fire, that thou mayest be rich, &c.*

The goodnesse of the Spirit of God towards us is very evident in the use he is pleased to make of allegoricall kinds of expressions in the Scriptures, whereby he speakes so plainely to our weakest capacities, that we are much to blame if we complaine of difficulty in the understanding of any thing, that is fit for our understandings or consciences: and it will make very much to the right understanding of the meaning of the Holy Ghost in this place, if we follow and make progresse upon the Allegory, or similitude. Here might then be observed many things concerning the Seller, and the Buyer, and the commodities to be bought; which may imply something of value in consideration: But it is a better choyce to neglect

neglect methods, than to neglect what is most necessary.

Certainely, in these few words is contained all the treasures of wisdome and knowledge, and it may be truely said of him that experimentally knowes, and is possest of those excellencies therein contained, that the Kingdome of God is within him; that he hath assurance of the love of God; that he hath peace of conscience, and abundance of joy in the Holy Ghost: so as this will prove to all those that shall become Traders in this holy traffique, the most profitable exchange that ever was: It is a trade you see, that is proposed to make Banquerupts rich, to make very beggers gratious.

By the Angell may be understood the Minister, the Pastor; he it was that for all his proud boasting, and confidence, was found in this wretched condition; a meere neutrall man; neither

ther hot nor cold, but lukewarme: but how hatefull, a wretched condition is this in the sight of God? and how sad a condition is it, to have such a mis-leading Shepherd? Needes must the flocke perish and runne to ruine, as our Saviour said; *If the blind lead the blind, shall not both fall into the ditch?* If the Ministers erre, that doe beget our knowledge, and forme our understandings, what prejudice must remaine upon our judgements: if they mis-lead us by their evill examples into covetousnesse, and licensiousnesse; to frequenting Tavernes and Alehouses, to a dotage upon superfluities: and fantasticall esteeme of honours, and of fine cloathes, and dainty food; to an insencibility, and time-serving wretchlessenesse: to an unfaithfull, perfidious unconstant demeanour? What a lamentable case are we in? and yet this must be no excuse for any slothfulnesse in

in our ſelves, becauſe that we ſhould and ought to be ſo true to our ſelves, ſo watchfull over our ſoules, ſo fervent in Spirit, that we ſhould be able to try his ſpirit, whether he be of God or not: we ſhould be ſtedfaſt, unmoveable, alwayes ſtirring up the Grace of God that is in us, and ever abounding in this worke of the Lord: We are not to be excuſed, though our Angell fall away. But we ſee it is the Angell that ſhall be ſure to be queſtioned, And thereby we ſee of how great conſequence it is to be furniſhed with either a good, or an evill Miniſter, for Chriſt here blames onely the Angell, as the cauſe of all the evill of that Church, and intending good unto the Church, takes this way of counſelling of the Angell, who being recovered of this wofull condition, thoſe pertaining to his charge would ſoone partake of ſo bleſſed an alteration, he being

being made rich, and happy, and blessed, they should not, could not remaine long, miserable, poore, and naked. And you see what he is counselled to doe; he must buy: Hath man wherewith to give unto God? *The whole earth is the Lords, and the fulnesse thereof.*

This Trade is to be understood spiritually, the commodities thereof being altogether spirituall; for certainely, by *this Gold tryed in the fire*, is meant the Righteousnesse of Christ, which onely endureth, and giveth comfort to our soules in our fiery tryals; when our consciences afflict us with the sense of sinne; made out of measure sinnefull, by the operation, and violent working of the Law, denouncing wrath and everlasting torments on every one that continueth not to doe all that is written therein: in this distraction of minde, and horrour of conscience,

ſcience, what is there that can afford the poore ſoule any comfort, but onely the Righteouſneſſe of Chriſt, who was made ſinne, for us, that knew no ſinne, that we might be made the Righteouſneſſe of God in him, who was made of a Woman, and made under the Law, to redeeme them that were under the Law: who hath loved us, and waſht away our ſinnes in his owne blood, and hath made us Kings and Prieſts to God and his Father, ſo that now I ſay, (the Lord bearing me witneſſe) that he beholdeth as in *Iſrael*, no ſinne; as *Jacob*, no tranſgreſſion, in me: Who ſhall ſeparate me from the Love of God, which is in Chriſt Jeſus; *It is God that juſtifieth, who ſhall condemne*? ſhall I condemne my ſelfe? yes, I ſhall, if I looke upon my ſelfe, as in my ſelfe, and upon my extreame nakedneſſe: I but this thou oughteſt not to doe, this being frailty and extream

weakeneſſe, is not this Gold and white Rayment? is not this perfect Righteouſneſſe of Christ thine owne? wherein thou mayeſt be bold to wrappe and cover thy ſelfe all over. And thou art not now to conſider thy ſelfe as in thy ſelfe; Thou art not to conſider thy ſelfe as the Sonne of Man, but as the Sonne of God, Heire, and Co-heire with Christ; Such is his infinite love, ſuch is thy unſpeakeable happineſſe.

Objection. Theſe things are apparently true, but ſurely all is not done by Christ, ſomething muſt be done by us, we muſt not lay all the burthen on Christ; For (as an ancient Father is often cited) he that made us without us, will not ſave us without us: And, as others have Commented upon that Father; Will ſave us indeed, without our act, but not without our Faith: Others goe further, and ſay, not without

out thy repentance, humiliation, ſelfe-deniall, weeping, and faſting, and mourning, and prayer, and the uſe of the Ordinances, of hearing, reading, & the uſe of the Sacraments, and the obſervation of the Sabbath, and doing in all things, as one would be done unto: Except we doe, or endeavour to doe, or doe deſire to doe theſe things, and have a generall deſire to keep all Gods Commandements, and to yeeld univerſall obedience thereunto, and hate all ſinne, we ſhall never be ſaved.

Anſwer.

If thou argue thus ſeriouſly, be aſſured that the laſt counſell belongs as well unto thee, whoſoever thou art, Miniſter or People, as it did unto the Angell here ſpoken of: For by this thou ſheweſt thy ſelfe neither hot nor cold; that thou art unſtable in all thy wayes, that thou gropeſt at Noone-

day, and hast indeed need to annoynt thine eyes with eye-salve, that thou mayest see, for thou sayest, and unsayest: Thou beleevest, and doubtest, and fearest, all in one instant, not seeing, that therein thou makest thy selfe a very monster. Thou beleevest that thy sinnes are remitted, that thou art reconciled unto God, Thou art justified in his sight; and thou beleevest that this thou art, through the satisfaction made by Christ, and yet thou conceivest that he hath not done it, so fully, and perfectly, but there are, certaine things by thee to be done, that being not done, all is to no purpose that Christ hath done: Thou wilt be both under the Law, and under Grace, at one instant: nay, thou wilt yet invent more mischiefe for thy selfe. And being beaten from the Law, thou wilt yet find out an Evangelicall Law, exercised in the use of the Ordinances, where-

wherein, if thou doe not exerciſe thy ſelfe, thou mayeſt perith everlaſting: and if it be poſſible to drive thee off from this, yet ſtill, except thou beleeve. I, that's a condition, without which, thou, nor none elſe ſhall ever be ſaved: *O fooliſh Galathians, who hath bewitched you, &c. I would they were cut off that trouble you,* tis the envious man that hath ſowed theſe Tares, whileſt the Husbandmen ſlept. Whilſt the Miniſters conſult more with bookes, with art, and argument, rather than with the Spirit of God, which is the true eye-ſalve, giving ſight to the blind, and underſtanding to the ſimple.

It is apparent what this Angell wanted, and what thou thy ſelfe haſt moſt extreame need of: but what is meant by this buying? here indeed is the Jewell, but where is a price in the hand of a buyer?

Why here, the Angell, Minister, or whomsoever, must doe as the wise Merchant, who when hee had by the light of the Spirit of God, who never failes man in his distraction of mind, to light and guide him out of darknes, and thraldome into the paths of life and liberty; When this Merchant had by this heavenly light, found out, what, and where this gold and pretious rayment was, (which he never could do till he had annoynted his eyes) Then what does he doe? why, he sells all that ever he had: he renounces all hope in himselfe, or in any thing he was able to performe: he sees himselfe in the state of Nature, as a child of *Adam*; to be dead in sins and trespasses; And both soule and body in all the parts and faculties thereof, (though imployed to the utmost of his power, towards the performance

of

of all that the moſt juſt God required moſt juſtly in his moſt righteous Law,) I ſay, he ſees him even in this his beſt naturall condition, to be nothing but a maſſe and lumpe of ſinne, and his very beſt workes, endeavors, and deſires, to come ſo extreamely ſhort, of what is required in the Law, That it is impoſſible for him to attaine to righteouſneſſe thereby: And finding himſelfe thus deceived by the Law: which now he ſees was not given for righteouſneſſe, but to make ſinne appeare: and finding himſelfe thus accuſed, condemned, and killed by the Law, he hates, and abhorres himſelfe in duſt and aſhes: he ſees his beſt workes (which were his richeſt and only garments to cover his nakedneſſe) to be very filth it ſelfe: And thus he puts off the old man, which he ſees now plainely was crucifyed with Chriſt, and puts on

on the new man, even the man Christ Jesus, accounting all things as losse and dung, to be found in Christ, not having his owne Righteousnesse, which is of the Law, but the Righteousnesse which is of God, in him. The Holy Ghost hath begotten this faith in his heart, by which hee knowes his Union with Christ, even as our Saviour signifyed in the fourteenth Chapter of Saint *Johns* Gospell, from the 14 *verse* to the 20. saying, *At that day shall ye know, that I am in the Father, and you in me, and I in you.* This is the worke neither of Man nor Angell, but onely of the Spirt of God, to beget this holy and blessed faith, which is a light supernaturall, inlightning our understandings, by which we are able to understand and apply to our owne particular comforts, all the comfortable passages of the Gospell, for thereby

thereby alone doe we come to know that Christ is the end of the Law for Righteousnesse: That hee is our Peace; That he by his one Oblation once offered, hath made a full, perfect, and sufficient sacrifice, and satisfaction for the sins of the whole world. That he hath borne our sinnes in his body on the tree; That hee by his blood-shedding on the Crosse, hath reconciled us unto God. So as now whosoever findes in his heart, this faith, (by which he hath assurance that these things are so) may as justly, and as confidently as Saint *Paul* himselfe, cry out, *O death! where is thy sting? O grave! where is thy Victory? The sting of death is sinne, and the strength of sinne is the Law: but thankes be unto God, who hath given us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. And now henceforth know wee no man after the flesh.* Yea, though

we have known Christ after the flesh, yet now, henceforth know we him no more: therefore, if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature, (not to be discerned by the eye of Reason, or by any humane force or power, but onely with the spirituall eye of Faith) old things are past away, behold all things are become new, and all things are of God, who hath reconciled us to himselfe by Jesus Christ, hath saved us, and called us with an holy calling, not according to our workes, but according to his owne purpose and grace, which was given us in Christ Jesus, before the world began; But now is made manifest, by the appearing of our Saviour Jesus Christ. Who hath abolished death, and hath brought life, and immortality to light, throgh the Gospell.

Objecti-

Objection.

Yes, will ſome ſay, no doubt the ſtate of a beleever, is a moſt bleſſed and happy eſtate, for he that beleeveth is juſtifyed: and without Faith it is impoſſible to pleaſe God: But I find ſo much frailety in my ſelfe, ſo much doubtfulneſſe, and ſinne, and wickedneſſe, that it were preſumption in me, to ſay that I have any meaſure of this moſt excellent grace of Faith, which you declare to be ſo bleſſed & comfortable: And though I know there is in Chriſt ſufficient vertue to ſave all the world, yet except I apply him to my ſelfe, by my owne particular Faith, I ſhall have no more benefit by his merits, than he who is preſented with an all-curing medicine, and hath not an hand to apply the ſame unto his malady.

Anſwer

Answer. How miserable are we, when we forsake the dictates of the Spirit of God, and flie unto mans commentaries. Man being in his lost condition in *Adam*: in the fullnesse of time, Christ came and redeemed, laying downe his owne life a ransome for his Church, which consisted of men, women, and children, that were dead long before his comming; and of men, women, and children that live in his time; And of men, women and children, that were to have life, and to live in all ages, as in our present age, and even to the end of the world: And then did he purchase remission of sinne: and forgivenesse for all the sinnes that ever shall bee forgiven, freely, without any condition to be performed on any ones part; so infinite is his love, and he that shall say that any thing is required of us to be done, or to be beleeved,

ved, without which we cannot be ſaved, doth by ſuch Doctrine, ſo farre make ineffectuall the blood of Chriſt: for let it be clearely conſidered; to what purpoſe Chriſt ſhould dye for our ſinnes, and worke our redemption fully, and yet put us to performance of conditions, having no life in us, but are dead, quite ſtone dead in ſinnes and treſpaſſes, Nay, further conſider, is it likely that God having found us ſo dead to all things that are legally good, and not exceeding or tranſcending the Law; and that we had loſt our ability, to performe thoſe conditions therein juſtly required by him, that now having redeemed us, he ſhould put us upon a condition altogether ſupernaturall, as is Faith, and that we ſhould have no part in the death of Chriſt, except we beleeve, ſeemes very difficult, and not like the proceedings

ceedings of his unspeakeable tenderneſſe: of his Fatherly affection towards us: Alas, he knowes whereof we are made, and he conſiders that wee are but duſt: Can a rotten tree yeeld fruit, or can a dead man ſpeak? even ſo can the moſt wiſe underſtanding man (conſidered in the ſtate of nature) bring forth faith? And is it likely that Chriſt would dye for this naturall man, that he would by his death redeeme him from the curſe of the Law, ſinne, and death, and hell, provided he beleeve in him, and not elſe? A hard condition; and ſhewes rather to be of mans invention, that judgeth of God as he findes himſelfe, That becauſe when his Brother hath runne into his debt, and lies at his mercy, hee cannot bee brought to forgive him, but upon conditions, of (at the leaſt) acknowledgements and thankfulneſſe;

even

even ſo thinkes he of God, and wreſts Gods truthes, to prove his owne imaginations: Thereby deluding himſelfe, and depriving his Brethren of thoſe infinite comforts intended unto him, and conferred on him, through Chriſt.

Objection.

Yea, but ſay what you will, or can ſay, Faith will be found a condition which muſt be in us, or we ſhall never be ſaved.

Anſwer.

Thus will wee ever perplexe our ſelves and our conſciences, denying our owne mercies, and making reſiſtance to the ſpirit of God, and will not conceive the right end, for which he hath wrought faith in our hearts.

Objection.

I ſir, but you ſurely miſtake us: for

for though we maintaine, that faith is a condition required in every one that shall be saved? yet wee doe acknowledge that it is not of mans power, but is the gift of God: and that God doth not require it, before he gives it: but to every one that shall be saved, at one time or other he doth give it, otherwise how can they lay hold on Christ, having not this hand of Faith: how can they apply his merits to their soules, and without application, how can they have any benefit thereby, and therefore say what you will; it is a condition, and must be in every one.

Answer.

Stay a little: he that runnes so fast had need be in the right way, or he may be in a wood before he is aware: He that mis-applyes any thing whatsoever, loseth the use of it, be it in it selfe

ſelfe never ſo Soveraigne, and pretious: nay, the buſier he is with it, the worſe it is with him: and therefore, it cannot but prove very profitable to our conſciences, to diſcover the right and proper end, whereunto the particular bleſſings of God, are to be referred: eſpecially, theſe particular and choyce mercies.

Well then, the end for which Chriſt came, was to dye for the ungodly, to purchaſe remiſſion of their ſinnes, and to reconcile them unto God, and all theſe he did freely, upon no condition; fully and perfectly, leaving nothing undone, or to be done by way of application, for in performing thereof, he fully, and perfectly applyed it, for hee tooke upon him our nature, ſo as what he did, we may be truely ſaid to doe it, with him and in him, and by vertue of this our humane nature, in the

per-

person of Christ, we are made truely the Sonnes of God, Heires, and Coheires with him.

The end for which the Holy Ghost came, or was sent by Christ unto his Church, and to continue with them to the end of the world, is manifest by the title our Saviour gives unto him, saying, *I will send you another Comforter*: so the end for which hee came, is to comfort the Children of God: Of which there are two sorts: For some live to yeares of understanding, and a full age: and some dye before: So the question is, how, or by what meanes the Holy Ghost doth comfort? And that is by working Faith in our hearts: which is a Divine and supernaturall principle, informing the minde and understanding of those Truthes, of which Reason and Nature, was no wayes capable, for which of all the Philo-

sophers

ſophers, (the wiſeſt, and moſt conſiderate men of the world) did ever ſo much as gueſſe at the reconciliation by Chriſt? This Faith then is to us, the evidence of things not ſeene, and the ſubſtance of things hoped for, and is wrought in us, to aſſure us that our ſinnes are remitted: that we are ſaved: that we are reconciled unto God: that we are righteous in his ſight, and juſtifyed.

When ſinne diſtracts our conſciences, Faith tells us that he is the propitiation for our ſinnes: When the Law workes in our hearts, and clamours for obedience, Faith tells us we are not under the Law, but under Grace: When any affliction troubleth our reſt, Faith tells us all things fall out for the beſt: When the world tempts us with baites and allurements, Faith tells us that here we have no abiding City, but are as

Pil-

Pilgrimmes, and passengers, and are to use the world, as if we used it not: if death suddenly affright us, Faith presently sweetens its approach, saying to me, to live is Christ, and to dye is an advantage, and whether I live or dye, I am the Lords: and that neither death, nor life, nor any other thing shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord, That all was mistakings before; And now he sees that when he thought himselfe in a damnable and wretched estate, twas onely for want of this eye of Faith, to shew him his Peace, which was wrought fully and effectually by the death of Christ, long before he was borne: but now seeing himselfe thus clearely discharged, thus freely acquitted; the same Faith, formes and fils the soule with Love, which unrequired, breakes out into exaltations of

of thankfulneſſe unto God, and now he lives, he lives the life of Faith: he converſeth dayly in Heaven, and is ever with Chriſt in the boſome of the Father, Where he finds fulneſſe of joy, and pleaſures for evermore; And in our converſation here below Faith effects alſo, working by Love, doing all good unto his Neighbour, ſo that looke how love is deſcribed, and that is the beleevers Character, he ſuffereth long, and is kinde: envyeth not: vanteth not himſelfe: is not puffed up: doth not behave himſelfe unſeemely: ſeeketh not his own: is not eaſily provoked: thinketh no evill: rejoyceth not in iniquity, but rejoyceth in the Truth: beareth all things: beleeveth all things: hopeth all things: endureth all things: Faith tells us we are the body of Chriſt, and members one of another: and that the love of God hath appeared, teach-

teaching us to deny all ungodlineſſe and worldly luſts, and to live righteouſly, and godly, and ſoberly in this preſent world, and that our converſation muſt be, as becommeth the Goſpell of Chriſt,&c.

Thus we ſee alſo the end for which the Holy Ghoſt came, which is to comfort: and he comforteth by creating Faith in our hearts: we ſee alſo, how faith hath its effects: bringing peace of Conſcience, and joy in the Holy Ghoſt: Thankfulneſſe unto God for his ſo infinite unſpeakeable love: and love to our neighbour, as to our fellow-members in Chriſt: And thus we ſee how the Holy Ghoſt, by Faith comforteth, and how Faith is a comfort, a ſhield and buckler, to the children of God, that live in yeares to underſtanding: For Faith, as hath beene ſhewed, enlightens the underſtanding,

ing, and ſo the heart is freed from diſtraction, and comforted.

It remaines, to ſpeake of thoſe redeemed ones, that dye before yeares afford underſtanding: whether they are comforted: or, (which is all one) whether they may be ſaid, to believe: to which purpoſe, it will need no more than to enquire, whether it be needfull for them to have Faith: and ſurely we finde, where there is no knowledge (as in Children, &c.) there can be no diſcourſe, no conſideration: where there is no knowledge, or ſenſe of ſinne, there can be no conſideration of a ſinfull condition, nor any apprehenſion of wrath for ſinne: becauſe indeed, the judgement is not of ſtrength to diſcourſe upon the Law, and where theſe are not, there can bee no diſturbance of Conſcience, no affliction of minde, no horror, no amazement.

ment: What neede is there then of comfort? What cause, that faith should be wrought in a mind so qualifyed? (as are all childrens) for they cannot know or understand, and if they cannot conceive or know they cannot beleeve: for who beleeves more than he knowes, or who knowes that which he doth not beleeve: all which duely weighed, will it not appeare that there is an impossibility, that a Child should have any measure of Faith: and that there is no need that he should have any faith, in any kind of acception, whether actuall, potentiall, or habituall, as is too much disputed: and all upon this Foundation, that faith is a necessary condition, required in every one that shall be saved, and that without Faith there is no Salvation: whereas it plainely appeareth that Faith is wrought in us by the

the Holy Ghoſt to comfort us by inlightning our underſtandings, and by ſhewing us, aſſuring us, and certifying us of our peace and reconciliation with God: And it doth not appeare to be required as a condition: and then children may no doubt be ſaved without it.

And if it be true, that we are all redeemed before we are borne, and that children are ſaved without faith. Then is not Salvation tyed unto beleefe: or Faith a condition; without which we cannot be ſaved: for, it is proved that all men, women and children, that are the whole Church of God, are all ſaved, onely, and totally, by the merits of Chriſt; that his merits are applyed to us ſufficiently, and effectually too, by his owne aſſumption of our nature, by which we are incorporate into him. It is proved alſo, that Faith is an ef-

fect of the Holy Ghost, the Comforter, by which he comforteth us: not of our Redeemer, who is an absolute Redeemer, and perfect, having left nothing to be done by us, before or after Faith, to consummate an unconsummated redemption. It is apparent that Faith was given for another end; so as it may be truely said of faith; Without Faith, no comfort, no peace of conscience, no joy in the Holy Ghost; But to say, without faith, no salvation, deserves good caution.

It is very likely that the Angell of the Church of *Labdicea*, was thus truely informed of the truthes of the Gospell, which is the glad tydings of peace and reconciliation, and no doubt, did for a time live therein, and possesse the same: But afterwards through sluggishneſſe and pride, did fall into an insensibility of those truthes,

truthes, being alſo deluded by the ſubtilty of falſe Teachers, and Sophiſters, forſooke the living Waters, and did digge to himſelfe broken pits that held no water.

The Apoſtles counſell therefore is very good, ſaying, boaſt not thy ſelfe, but let him that ſtandeth take heed leſt he fall: For the beſt of Gods children, (if one be better than another) through the want of the exerciſe of their faith, are apt and prone to fall, even as this good Angell or Miniſter did, into a meere lukewarmneſſe: Teaching, and living in ſuch ſort, as that thoſe committed to his charge, and the very Truth of God, are extreamely prejudiced thereby: Nor can God take any pleaſure therein: but even vomits them out of Church and ſervice, and gives them up to Satan to buffet them: and ſuffers theſe prodigals to feed amongſt

the swine, on Huskes and Achornes: False Doctrines, and Heresies, and such mixtures of Law and Gospell, as that for a time, they live in as great trouble of minde, and distraction of spirit, as they did before they had received Faith: and have no peace or joy at all: and remaine so long in this distemper, till at the last, with the Spouse in the *Canticles*, this poore soule cryeth out, *By night in my bed I sought him whom my soule loveth*; in the drowsie time of rest and security, and in the darke mists of errours, and mis-interpretations, and false apprehensions; *I sought him, but I found him not:* Then she sayes, *I will rise now, and goe about the City, in the streetes, and in the broad wayes I will seeke him whom my Soule loveth*: I will see, if I can recover, and re-establish my wavering, unsetled mind; by the generall approved Doctrines, applauded

ded in the open ſtreetes, and by the great and large diſcourſes, who confine all knowledge, and appropriate to themſelves the reſolution of all doubts and feares; thoſe that have Art, and all learning in its very excellency: *I ſought him amongſt theſe alſo, but I found him not: The Watchmen that goe about the City found me.* Thoſe bleſſed wakefull ſervants of God, that continually attend the good and welfare of their brethren. Thoſe that ſtifle not the Spirit, but continually by their exerciſe doe ſtir up the grace of God that is in them: To theſe ſhe ſaid, *Saw you him whom my Soule loveth?* Yea, doubtleſſe they ſaw him continually, even as he is, the very light of their eies, and breath of their noſtrils; And, having ſomewhat meditated on thoſe cleare, unmixt truthes, that paſſed from them, It was but a little that I paſſed from

them, *but I found him whom my Soule loveth*, darkeneſſe, and errour, and ſuperſtition, and all feare vaniſhed away, and I found my ſelfe the ſame new Creature, as at my firſt regeneration: *I held him, and I would not let him goe, untill I had brought him into my Mothers houſe, into the chambers of her that conceived me*: I lived the life of Faith, and would no more be diverted from my aſſurance of his love, by any inſinuations of my fraile reaſon, or by any allurements whatſoever: here was I borne of God: here will I reſt and abide for ever: in the ſweet and comfortable paſſages of the Goſpell, made now manifeſt againe unto me, by the lively operation of the Spirit of God, and it ſhall be a warning unto me, how I give eare to thoſe falſe teachers, that mixe the Law and the Goſpell together; thoſe that make redemption conditionall; and

and make it to depend on duties. I ſee a Chriſtians eſtate, is the moſt free of all eſtates. Nothing at all is required of him, and they are but deceivers that teach otherwiſe, in any reſpect: What is required of him for whom Chriſt dyed? Conſider all the particulars forenamed: The firſt whereof is Faith, and that (as hath beene ſufficiently cleared) is ſo totally a gift, that it cannot in any reſpect, be truely called a condition: Then for Repentance, Humiliation, ſelfe-denyall, weeping, and mourning, and faſting, and Prayer, the uſe of the Ordinances, of Hearing, Reading, the Sacraments, and the obſervation of the Sabbath, and doing as one would be done unto, and the reſt.

Obſerve now, how (as is manifeſt in the particulars ſpoken of faith) that in every one of theſe, there is

palpable mistakings: All of them are made duties, by (almost) all Teachers, and they teach, that we must exercise our selves in them, or shall have no part in Christ.

Faith (as hath beene declared) is a supernaturall Grace, wrought in us by the Holy Ghost, by which we come to know, that we are reconciled unto God, and of enemies are become his friends, his beloved children.

This cleare apprehension of Gods love workes in us an exceeding love to God, who hath beene so good unto us: and this love workes in us an earnest endeavour to shew our selves thankfull unto him for all his kindnesse and goodnesse towards us: which, our faith tells us, we cannot better doe, than by living godly, and righteously, and soberly, in this present world, and to love our Brother as God hath loved us: Now, whilst

wee

wee continue in this life, Faith, is not perfect in us, but, is as we exercise it: if Faith bee strong and vigorous, so will love be also, which will appeare in the life and conversation: if we carelesly suffer our spirits to be drawne aside by the allurements of the world, and abate of our contemplations of Gods love, and fall into any mis-beseeming action, such as very reason it selfe would be ashamed of; how is possible, but the beleever in such a case, will vex, and grieve, and torment himself that he hath dishonoured his God, and scandalized his Brother, and caused the name of God to be blasphemed amongst leud and vicious people? Yea in this sad condition, his frailety may worke so upon him, as to cause him to question his estate, and to interpret those Fatherly chastisements, which God, as a loving Fa-

ther inflicts upon him to draw him home, and neerer to himselfe (*whom I love I chastise*) & to give him occasion to raise and rouse up himselfe by faith, he, I say, interprets to be marks of his vengeance, and cryes out in the bitternesse of his Soule, *Will the Lord never more be intreated? shall his wrath burne like fire? hath he forgotten to be gracious, and will hee shut up his loving kindnesse in displeasure?* But at length, Faith gets the victory, and then he sees all is but his owne mistakings: Shall this now, this griefe and vexation? this horrour and amazement? shall this Repentance, which is an effect, and cannot but be so? it is impossible it should bee otherwise; shall it be pressed and preached, as a duty to be performed, at all times and seasons, that wee must thus repent, and mourne, and grieve? No, doubtlesse it ought not to bee so:

ſo: *Rather rejoyce in the Lord alwayes, againe, I ſay, rejoyce: For we have not received the ſpirit of bondage to feare againe, but the ſpirit of adoption, whereby wee cry, Abba Father*: and have boldneſſe to the Throne of Grace, where Chriſt ſitteth at his right hand, and we in him: Feare indeed hath painefullneſſe, and he that feareth is not perfect in Love, for perfect love caſteth out all feare: What ſhould trouble, or grieve, or make afraid the Sonne of God? *It is God that juſtifies him, who is he that dares condemne him*? Hee ought not to doe it himſelfe, nor no man elſe, nor Angels, nor Principallities, nor powers? What, becauſe his frailety will ſometime get the upper hand, ſhall it bee countenanced? ſhall it be commanded as a duty? what gets he by it? or what doth any other of the like (falſe named)

med) duties get us: *Hath hee not given us his Sonne, and with him all things?*

As it is in Repentance, so runs it in all that followes. It is in vaine to bid the beleever humble himselfe, there is none so meeke, so humble as he: he sees no difference twixt himselfe, and any man upon earth, he knowes there is no cause in himselfe but that God may as justly save any man as he, for he was dead in sinnes and at ennity with God, and more indisposition can there not be in any man, even the vilest on earth; So you see by this, hee denies himselfe, no man more: and you need not bid him doe it, for it is impossible for him to doe otherwise.

As for weeping, and mourning, and fasting: When by his frailety the

the Bridgroome ſeemes to be taken from him, or that his Faith, which is his light, is clouded, you need not then bid him doe any of theſe: hee is then too apt unto them: too prone to wrong himſelfe thereby, as was inſtanced in the matter of Repentance. And if thou be a true Miniſter of the Goſpell, thou haſt cauſe to reprove him for his weakeneſſe, and to helpe to ſtrengthen him.

A Child that knowes his Father loves him, when he wants any thing, ſhall you neede to tell him that hee ought in duty to aske it of his Father? as much need there is to Preach Prayer as a duty: A beleever cannot want much, nor many things: He hath eternal life, then he is in Chriſt; then he hath remiſſion of ſinne; then he is juſtifyed; then he is not under the Law; then not under wrath, nor ſinne,

sinne, nor death, hee hath peace of Conscience, and joy in the Holy Ghost: Hee accounts all temporall things as losse and dung, in comparison of these; and having food and rayment, he hath enough, the vanities, and honours, and superfluities of the world, are no part of his portion, he is freely abated therein: nor knowes he how a Christian can possesse more than what's meerely necessary, there are so many opportunities of doing good: and so many of his brethren, that lacke things needfull: A rich Christian, richly clad, (except in a spirituall sense, as here in the Text) is to him a wonder, and a meere riddle, and a very impossibility, implying an absolute contradiction: surely a very short Prayer sufficeth: as our Saviour well knew, when hee taught us how to pray, and reprooved long prayers,

Tau-

Tautologies, and vaine repetitions, Asking those things, which we say we doe beleeve we have already; as the remission of sinne, &c. cryings out, out of the burthen of sinne, when wee beleeve that Christ hath borne our sinnes in his body on the tree, and that his blood cleanseth us from all sinne: And in one and the same instant to personate a man extreamely affrighted with sin, and a man giving thanks, for remission of sin by Christ, & also of a man that is afraid, even of the sins of his present Prayers, and of one that hath victory over sinne, death, and hell: Also of a man that is delivered from under the Law into the glorious liberty of the Sonnes of God, and yet againe puts himselfe under the Law; for though he knowes that faith informes more powerfully to good workes, and good life than ever the

Law

Law could doe, yet without the Law, and his observation thereof, he is as dead, as if there were no life in faith, nor peace in Christ: and all this, though it be no other but meere contradiction, yet nothing is more usuall in Prayers, nor more plainely discerneable: whereas, surely prayer is another thing, than it is commonly taken to be, even the supreame life of Faith, or continuall walking with God, and enjoyment of our heavenly conversation: the which rightly to understand, we must devest our selves of al humane thoughts: but how easily, and inconsiderately doe men fall into errors, and being once engaged therein, how earnestly doe they maintaine them? even as if they were saving Truthes.

A strong healthfull man, that keepes himselfe in breath and heart, by

by good exerciſe, ſhall you need to tell ſuch a man, that it is his duty to feed himſelfe? even ſo is it needfull to tell a beleever, that it is his duty to heare Sermons, read the Scriptures, and frequent the Lords Table, theſe being his proper and as naturall food, by which his Faith is ſtrengthened and increaſed? Yet in what a ſad and fearefull manner are theſe as duties preſt upon mens conſciences, upon paine of having no part in Chriſt: and of everlaſting damnation in hell fire for ever? and they put us upon theſe to try and prove our ſelves, by marks and ſignes drawne from our performance of theſe? But we had need to try theſe ſpirits whether they be of God or not: indeed we never had more cauſe to try all things, and to hold nothing but what is good: to take nothing for gold but what is tryed in the

the fire, and will endure in the fiery tryall of affliction, and passe for currant in the Court of a distressed conscience; and is of full value to discharge all our debts, and to make us compleatly rich, and for ever blessed.

The true beleever submits himselfe to every ordinance of man for the Lords sake: And as for the observation of the Sabbath, so exceedingly prest and preacht, as a duty to be exactly performed in the exercise, only, of the Worship and Service of God: All dayes are to him this Sabbath, for he liveth in that rest, which was typified out by the old Sabbath, he hath his constant rest in Christ, saying, with *David*; *My heart is fixed, O God, my heart is fixed, I will sing and give praise.* Take care to keepe Faith in heart and breath, and faith will

will make every day a Sabbath; withall, his liberty is to be judged of no man, for, ſaith he, one man eſteemeth one day above another, another eſteemeth every day alike; let every man be fully perſwaded in his owne mind: he that regardeth a day, regardeth it to the Lord, and he that regardeth not the day to the Lord, he doth not regard it; let no man judge you in meates, or in drinkes, or in reſpect of an Holy day, or of the New Moones, or of the Sabbath, which were ſhadowes of things to come: the body is Chriſt, who hath fulfilled for us, all righteouſneſſe, and is made unto us of God, Wiſedome, Righteouſneſſe, Sanctification, and Redemption: Thus free is a beleever in himſelfe: Yet, rather than his freedome ſhall offend his weaker Brethren, he will for their ſakes, obſerve dayes, and times, or any other indif-

indifferent thing, but if you presse them as absolutely necessary to salvation, he knows you erre; and though he cannot perswade with you, he can with himselfe: and though for peace sake hee may submit the outward man, yet the inward man cannot be beguiled of his freedome, of his rest and peace.

Our blessed God, who is goodnesse it selfe, and delighteth in the cheerefulnesse of his children, Annoynt our eyes with his blessed eyesalve that we may have eyes to see, & hearts to understand what is this gold tryed in the fire, and this white and most pretious rayment, that we may comprehend with all Saints, what is the length, and breadth, and the heighth, and depth of the riches of the Love of God in Christ Jesus our Lord, and blessed Saviour, and thereby

thereby recover, and preserve us all from all Neutrality, Lukewarmeneſſe, and mixtures of deceiveable errors: that the light of the glorious Goſpell of Chriſt may ever be bright and ſhining in our hearts by Faith; *Amen, Amen.*

FINIS.

HOLY MEDITATIONS, AND CONTEMPLATIONS OF IESVS CHRIST.

Concerning Our Redemption, Reconciliation; and hope of Glorification by him alone.

Together with the Righteousnesse of *FAITH.*

Rejoyce in the Lord alwayes.

LONDON,

Printed by *Rich. Cotes*, for *Joh. Sweeting* and are to be sold at his shop, at the signe of the *Angel*, in Popes-head Alley. 1642.

HOLY MEDITATIONS, AND CONTEMPLATIONS OF JESUS CHRIST.

Concerning Our Redemption, Reconciliation, and hope of Glorification by him alone.

THE AVTHOVR TO THE READERS.

THough I could wish, that as many as shall despise this Book could understand it, yet so it is, that men being wise in their owne eyes, and having in admiration the wisdome of this world, doe account those most comfortable truthes, that

declare unto us the benefits that we have receiued by the death of our bleſſed Saviour Jeſus Chriſt, to be but fooliſhneſſe, and too meane an object for their ſuppoſed Eagle eyes, though indeed they are but counterfeit, & craven: inaſmuch as they dazle at the luſtre of that Sunne, the brightneſſe whereof cannot be diſcerned but by a ſpirit they contemne: preferring darkeneſſe before light, phantaſmes and things that are not before what is ſubſtantiall, and of moſt excellent being: All that I ſhall ſay to ſuch, is, that I heartily wiſh their eyes may be opened, the ſcales and miſts of error, and ſelfe-conceit being taken away, that ſo they may together with us perceiue the exceeding comfort that we doe receiue from

from the assurance of our salvation, and the unvaluable riches of the glorious inheritance of the Sonnes of God.

And howsoever there is but little hope by this Booke to alter those men that are pre-occupyed with such falsities as they sucke in with their breath, and are become consubstantiall with them, error and pride having so fild them, that there is no roome in their hearts for truth and meekenesse, this Booke besides being written, not so much to prove as to enjoy those things that belong unto our peace, the Author being confident of what he wrote: yet peradventure meeting with some such dispositions as are yet in suspence, it may take them by the hand and direct

them into every roome thereof, and though not open their hearts by the key of argument, yet raviſh and enlighten them with the cleare Sunneſhine that theſe truthes carry with them: and however they came with no ſuch intentions, yet with Saul *being convinced, they may propheſie among the Prophets, proteſting manfully to fight under his banner, whoſe name now indeed they beare: to the beating downe of ſtrong holds that maintaine a falſe and uſurped righteouſneſſe of their owne, making the pretious and meritorious death of Chriſt of no effect, by which alone, without meanes or other conditions whatſoever, we looke to be ſaved.*

Laſtly, for thoſe who doe already know what is the length, and depth,

and

and breadth of the riches of God in Christ Jesus, to whom this Booke can sing no new song, but such as they are perfect in: For these, I say, the Author especially intended it, and the maine reason that moved him to it, was, that howere their eyes were opened, the veile taken away, and that they saw God reconciled to them, their sinnes forgiven them, the law and the condemnation for the breach of it, of no validity, to remove the love of God from them, all sins past, present, and to come, being satisfyed for: Yet he having observed, that they doe not sufficiently enjoy what they already know, and that through vaine disputations that edifie not, but rather engender doubts, their minds are distracted, their comforts lye by

neglected, Learning, and Humane abilities too much magnifyed, and by that meanes, when indeed we are all equals, one Brother before another preferred: the true profession of Christ, which should declare the same minde to be in every one of us, being by our disagreement scandalized, the enemies thereof, that by seeing our good workes should glorifie the same God, and Christ in the same manner with our selves, speaking evill of us, and hardning themselves against us: These his beloved Brethren, the Author, from the yerning bowels of his love towards them, thus bespeakes: That if there be any consolation in Christ Jesus, if any comfort of love, if any fellowship of the spirit, that they would fulfill the joy of Christ, be

like

like minded, having the same love, being of one accord, one judgement, that nothing be done contentiously, or through vaine-glory, but that in meekenesse of mind, every one esteeme other better than himselfe: and then no question but we shall grow in grace, our faith by this meanes strengthened, our love increased, and communicated; Christ onely exalted, workes and faith no otherwise then as testimonies and evidences to us ward of our salvation Preached: finally that the same mind may be in us, that was in Christ Jesus our example, our Brother, our head, our life, our all. To whom with God the Father, and the Holy Ghost, all possible praise and thankesgiving be ascribed, now and for evermore, Amen.

The

The Contents.

Meditation. I.

OF our blessed and glorious King, Jesus Christ.

Meditation. II.

Of our Redemption by Christ.

Meditation. III.

Of the Righteousnesse of Faith.

Meditation. IV.

Concerning our Reconciliation by Christ our Lord.

Meditation. V.

Of Faith, triumphing in the victory of Christ.

Meditation. VI.

Of Hope Glorying.

Meditation. VII.

Concerning workes of Love.

OF

MEDITATION. I.

Of our bleſſed and glorious King, Jeſus Chriſt.

O Pleaſant ſtreames, whoſe li-
ving waves,
'Bove *Libanus* doe riſe,
About whoſe bankes the flowres doe meet
Right joyſome for our eyes!
O ſweet! O paſſing all that's ſweet!
O faire! O paſſing faire!
Theſe eyes of mine did nere behold
Such pleaſures as here are.
How rapt am I, how full of bliſſe,
To ſee the Garden ope,
To ſee the cloſed one diſclos'd!
'Twas more then I could hope.

Behold

Behold the Paradiſe of God
Is ſet to open view,
And eke thoſe treaſures that till now,
No mortall ever knew.
'Tis thou O Saviour that art
The Garden and the Spring,
The treaſure, Paradiſe of God,
And every bleſſed thing.
The world and all that therein is,
O faireſt of all men,
To ſee the beauty of thy face,
Doth skip for joy agen.
Leape earth, and let the Heavens ſing
with ſweeteſt me'ody,
For *Sions* King has left his Throne
To come and dwell with me.
Our eyes have ſeen him, and our hands
That he was fleſh can tell,
For Gods owne Sonne became a man
That he 'mongſt men might dwell.
O liſten, 'tis the happyeſt newes,
That ever toucht your eare,
Gods owne and onely Sonne, a weake

And ſimple Maid did beare.
From's Fathers boſome where he ſate
From all eternity,
Our bleſſed Saviour did deſcend,
A worthy one was he.
This is the heire in all the World,
No glory like to this,
An everlaſting God, and an
Immortall King he is.
Twas for our ſakes he left his Throne,
And from his Kingdome came,
God ſent him to redeeme the World,
And made him man, for man.
As on the new mowne fields doth fall,
The ſoft and gentle raine,
So ſweetly enter'd he our hearts,
To make them live againe.
How bleſſings from his wings did flow
To keepe us from all ſtrife,
And from his ſide, as from a ſpring,
Health and eternall life.
Leſſe welcome is the mornings dew
To dead and parched fields,

For we were dead, but now we live,
His ſpirit vigor yeelds.
O welcome, welcome, ſing we all
With mirth and one accord,
Ten thouſand welcomes be to him
That comes ith' name oth' Lord:
O meete with joy your gracious King,
Sing Pſalmes with ſweeteſt voyce,
And let the Trumpets eccho forth
His praiſe with ſhrilleſt noyſe.
Why earth, why doſt thou not receive,
With love and thankes thy King?
See, this is he when thou wert loſt,
That did thy ſafety bring.
And yee O Sons of men, with love
And all reſpects beſide,
Your everlaſting doores ſet ope,
And let your gates be wide.
For he that enters in will fill
Thy heart with buxome glee;
O 'tis thy Saviour Jeſus Chriſt,
A glorious King is he.
Our hearts, yea, we our ſelves are thine,

For thou, us all hast bought;
And O that we besides our selves,
To give thee else had ought!
How ere wee'l praise thee, and will tell
How thou for us wast spilt.
And wilt thou heare us when we sing?
I know O Lord thou wilt.
We are thy servants, nay whats more,
Thy Sonnes and heires are we,
For thou hast broken all the bonds
Of our captivity.
Tell, O my soule, how did thy God,
And Saviour appeare:
As choyceſt Gardens, choyceſt fruite,
That springs both fresh and cleare.
Did ever any eye behold
The treasures of a King?
Or when rich gems are first disclos'd?
Such was his opening.
How pleasant Eden did appeare,
How beauteous every tree,
And yet that Paradise was farre
Lesse ravishing than he.

Tis

Tis better farre to see him breake
Than day or mornings eye,
When pleasant light appeares, and all
The World doth open lye.
The beauty of each Paradise,
And every goodly field,
All pleasant flowers, and whatsoere
A timely Spring can yeeld.
Tis true indeed; the stately Arch
That *Solomon* had rais'd,
The Holyest of Holies was
Of all the World much prais'd;
For 'twas orelaid with plates of Gold,
And pav'd with pretious stones,
The light was there, and Candlesticks
Both rich and royall ones.
There was the Table and the wings
Oth' Cherubins of Gold.
The Arke was there of Shittim wood,
Right glorious to behold.
The written Law of God was there,
And Manna sent from Heaven,
With *Aarons* rod that grew againe,
Though

Though first of life bereaven.
Twas there the Highest gave his voyce
And also did abide,
The presence of his glorious face
Was seene there to reside.
He did both heare there,& was heard,
A very heavenly place:
But a diviner far was he
Who by that shadowed was;
When all the beauty of this house,
And *Solomon* was seene,
What an astonishment it strooke,
In the *Sabæan* Queene!
This matchles Church she saw,& then
His owne Majesticke Throne,
His Court,his Port, & then his House,
A very peereleſſe one;
His traine of Servants,with the grace
And Order that they went,
Their rich attire beseeming well
A Princes Regiment.
Shee catcht each word fell from his mouth
With an attentive eare,

And

And O the Lord be prais'd, quoth she,
That ever I came here.
Why did I not beleeve? I find
Now 'twas a true report,
And that of thy renowne and fame,
The rumor came too short.
Right happy are thy servants, that
Stand alwaies in thy sight,
They heare the wisdome of thy heart,
And see thy power and might;
Thus said the Queen. But are our songs
Of fraile and earthly Kings?
No sure, our hearts of none but thee
O blessed Saviour sings.
What sweete expressions of thy grace
And mercy hath beene made?
Yet thou art glorious above all
That ever hath beene said.
There hath bin of thy marvellous acts
Exceeding great report;
And yet what ever man can say,
Comes infinitely short.
I'm quite above my selfe, when I

Thy

Thy excellence would conceive,
The very thought of thee doth quite
Me of my ſelfe bereave.
Bleſt eye, who as Gods onely Sonnes
Saw thy uncovered face,
And as he had deſir'd, beheld
Thy Majeſty and grace.
Why, can the heart of man conceive
A happineſſe like this?
Might I but ſee thy face O God,
Ide wiſh no other bliſſe.
O come and ſee, not *Solomon*
His glory or his Crowne,
But him who is th' eternall King
Of glory and renowne.
Looke on his glorious perſon, ſee
His moſt majeſticke gate,
His goodly face, his God-like grace,
And his imperiall ſtate.
O marke what beauty is within,
What excellent Majeſty,
O unexpreſſive ſweetneſſe this!
O ſole felicity!

Thou

Thou look'ſt upon me O my love,
And caught'ſt me with a becke,
Thou didſt entangle me throughout,
With one chaine of thy necke;
And now a ruſh for all the World,
All beauty, every face;
They're moſt contemptible to this,
Moſt ſordid, vile, and baſe.
O what a nothing is the World,
Compar'd with this our King?
Alas! what would I give that I
His fulneſſe could but ſing?
O that I could ſo utter it,
That every man might ſee't,
Then ſhould we all amazed fall
At thy moſt glorious feet.
Oh deare and pretious Saviour,
Let not thy face lie hid,
But to thy choſen ſhew thy ſelfe,
As *Solomon* once did.
Let all come forth and freely ſee
O faire and lovely one,
The Scepter and the Treaſurie

Of thy ſalvation.
We are thy Brethren, O thou farre
More ſweet than Paradice!
Amongſt the reſt, O let thoſe ſweetes
And bleſſings me entice.
Thy lovers, O thou lovely one,
Thy lovers too are we,
We need not pray thee ope to ſuch
Thy hidden Treaſury.
To thee my ſoule bowes down, and oh
That it could lower fall!
Even ſo ſhall all the Kings of the earth,
Though neere ſo ſtout and tall;
To thee, O mighty one, they muſt
Their properties laid by,
Like humble vaſſals licke the duſt
In all humility.
Thy Kingdome and its Majeſty
All eyes ſhall clearely ſee,
At which ſo peereleſſe excellence,
Who can but bend the knee?
All corners of the earth ſhall fall,
And every Angell bow:

And can I then O my ſoule thinke
Thou wilt not worſhip too?
Are theſe thoſe Saints & bleſſed Soules
That in thy preſence ſtand,
To ſee the wiſdome of the King
That all things doth command?
And ſhall not I approach the Throne
To ſee what may be ſeene,
As once before King *Solomons*
Did the *Sabæan* Queene?
Alas! that time had wings to make
That day draw on apace:
Even ſo to all the Sonnes of men
Lord Jeſus ſhew thy face.
And now I ſee, O joyfull ſoule,
Thou didſt not truſt in vaine,
Thou haſt not put thy confidence
In a deceitfull man.
Why 'tis the King of glory this,
The very Prince of Peace,
The mighty God and Father of
Time that ſhall never ceaſe,
The promis'd child, this, this is Chriſt,
Ordain'd

Ordain'd of God moſt high,
Under whoſe awfull throne ſubdu'd,
Angels and powers doe lie.
This is that rocke on whom for aye
Thy life O Soule depends,
Unto whoſe throne, as Frankincenſe,
My ſpirit thankeſ-giving ſends.
O God, how gracious thou haſt beene,
And mercifull to me,
To let me ſee my Chriſt the ſpring
Of all felicity?
No life, no liberty like this,
To ſee th' eternall King,
And him whom God for all our ſinnes
Hath ſent an offering.
Under whoſe raigne and ſoveraignty,
For ever to endure,
Where love and bleſſings ever grow,
No kingdome like this ſure.
I liv'd in a thicke darkeneſſe once,
A miſt did blind mine eyes,
But God tranſlated me, and ſet
My ſoule above the skies.

Where is rejoycing without end,
Triumphant joy I find,
Where Gods one un-expreſſed peace
Has repoſſeſt my minde.
There harboureth not a wicked man,
Nor an oppreſſor here,
Not one that in his heart a thought
Of violence doth beare.
Mongſt us backbiters ſafely live;
And ſlanderers doe dwell;
But in this Kingdome there's not one
A ſhamefull lie will tell.
A thiefe or a deceitfull man,
Feares here to ſhew his head:
Or he that ſeekes his neighbors life,
Or the forbidden bed.
Here all the Worthies are of God,
Upon whoſe heads doe ſit
Fulneſſe of love and quiet, with
The Spirit that ſendeth it.
Gods Kingdome is in righteouſneſſe,
And peace ith' Holy Ghoſt:
Such treaſures neither *Solomon*,

Nor

Nor India can boaſt.
On every tree, and every ſprig,
Fulneſſe of life doth grow;
In every river of this Land
Waters of life doe flow.
Here men are fed with Angels food,
And eate the bread of Saints,
Even laſting peace, which whoſoere
Is bleſt with, never faints.
Thoſe ſoules that enter at theſe gates
Shall never ſee a night,
For why? this Sun nere ſets, but yeelds
An everlaſting light.
Alas, how much more happy 'tis
A ſervant here to be,
Than on the Vniverſe to enjoy
A totall Monarchy!
Ride on and proſper mighty King,
And let thy Empire ſpread
Beyond the bankes of utmoſt ſeas,
Or farthest people tread.
Subdue thy proud and haughty foes,
Whoſe will on earth's a Law,

And make them as the trodden dung,
And as the threſhed ſtraw.
May all Gods enemies expect,
No other end but this:
But proſperous fortune, mighty King,
Thy ſword and Scepter kiſſe.
What honour haſt thou, O my ſoule,
To be this Princes Sonne?
No ſervant ever ſo well far'd
Under King *Solomon*;
Though ſilver was as common duſt,
And gold as ſtones ith' ſtreete,
Firre trees & Fig trees fild the grounds,
Bleſſings in one did meet:
But thou O King of heaven and earth,
Art mightier than he,
Yea *Solomon* in all his ſtate
Was but a type of thee.
To be thy ſubject or thy ſlave,
Is Sonne and Heire to be,
Forwhy? thy ſubjects Lord, are crownd
With immortality.
Thou feelſt, my ſoule, how good it is,

To

To ſerve this Majeſty,
Whoſe ſervice is eternall life,
And perfect liberty.
To him that us of Caſtawayes
Hath made the Prieſts of God,
And by his blood hath freed us from
The lawes revenging rod,
To him that hath left heaven to ſave
Us from eternall death,
Be given all honour, laud, and praiſe,
By every thing hath breath.

And now O Satan what a lye
My Soule has found thee in?
How common in thy ſhamefull mouth
Has beene this odious ſin?
What foule aſperſions haſt thou caſt
On ſpotleſſe innocence;
And ſlandered the Lord of life,
Under a baſe pretence?
But God, who all things can diſcerne,
Hath publiſhed thy name,
And now behold, as when day breakes,

So I descry thy shame.
Thou him deceiver call'dst, but sure
Thou a deceiver art,
And of my Christ didst worke a foule
Suspition in my heart.
O full of all deceit and lies,
How hast thou troubled me?
And yet I thanke the Lord, in vaine
All thy temptations be.
What though his owne on whom like raine
Or peace he did descend,
Against the Lord of life their speares
And fiercer browes did bend?
What though they spat on's innocent face
And hang'd him on a tree?
Tell me deceitfull spirit, ought
Not these things so to be?
Is not the wrath of God gone forth,
As a consuming fire?
And are not their posterity,
The subjects of his ire?
Is not upon their open browes
A bill of scandall writ?

So

So plainely every Chriſtian can
With eaſe diſcover it.
What though ſeducing *Theudas* fell?
And *Judas* periſhed?
Were they not thieves and murderers,
Should they have better ſped?
What though the ſeed of *Iſmael*,
Blaſpheme his holy name;
Yet like to *Libanon* doth riſe
Their uncontrouled fame.
What though their Power take root &
The vaſteſt Ocean ſpread, (ore
Where like inſulting Queenes they ſit,
And on all Lawes doe tread?
A day will come and quickely too,
When they ſhall ſtumble all,
And the rejected ſtone ſhall grinde
Them into pieces ſmall.
Yet thou contemnſt me, wicked one,
And cry'ſt my truſt is vaine,
That all theſe things are fooleries,
Conceptions of my braine.
Nay in thy ſcorn thou laugh'ſt, & ſay'ſt

What idle dreames are these?
How comes this fondling to believe
Impossibilities?
But God has tane thy veyle away,
And now I doe perceive
The foule intendment of thy heart
Was onely to deceive.
God hath declared that his Son
The authour is of life,
And thou pernitious Hypocrite
Of all debate and strife.
Thou'st plaid the man with me indeed
And strove me to defeat,
Yea, thou hast tempted me full oft,
And sifted me as wheate:
But was I ever seene to shrinke,
Or fearefully to stand?
Oh no, the great and mighty Lord
Upheld me with his hand.
Such were his sleights, we could not
Obtaine the victory, (soone
But of much more continuance
Triumphs and joy shall be.

I ſeem'd indeed my ſelfe to fight,
But 'twas the ſpirit within,
'Twas he that did this happy end
Of my temptations bring.
And now what comfort doe I find?
What joy's within my breaſt?
My eyes were ſhut, but now I ſee,
God pre-ordain'd my reſt.
And now I find that none can ſay
But by the Holy Ghoſt,
That Jeſus is the living Lord,
Howere men ſay we boaſt.
None can but he whoſe quickned heart
The Spirit of God inflames,
Who knows ſalvation comes by Chriſt
And by no other meanes.

MEDITATION. II.

Of our Redemption by Christ.

O Blest be God, for ever blest,
in glory may he sit.
For why? his watchful hand me pluckt
from the infernall pit.
From darkenesse, such as might be felt,
from fire in which I fell,
That very God hath sav'd my soule,
and from the pit of hell,
I've scap'd, I blesse my God, I am
deliver'd and set free.
But who in all the world can guesse
What might this ransome be?
Even that unvaluable blood
Of Gods eternall Sonne,
At that great price I purchas'd was,

a very wondrous one.
Had he not dy'd, I ſurely had,
death was prepar'd for me,
Eternall death; the mouth of hell
wide open I could ſee.
Then would th'eternall wrath of God
have lickt me up as flame;
And as the fire, he would have burnt
and raſed out my name.
Thicke darkneſſe my cloſe priſon was,
a chaine on either hand,
Condemn'd, adjudg'd to endleſſe death
the ſentence firme muſt ſtand.
Twas right according to Gods Law;
no way but dye I muſt,
Unleſſe for me Gods onely Sonne
would periſh as the duſt.
All would be well againe, if he
would ſpare his pretious blood,
Or elſe no ſtreams of oyle would ſerve,
or th'ſwelling Oceans flood.
But who would ere have thought that
Glories eternall King, (he
Would

Would ere have left his throne to lay
downe ſuch an offering;
That he would have debas'd himſelfe
for ſuch a wretch as I,
And for the very child of death
to condeſcend to die?
Who above hope could ere hope this?
Mans heart too narrow is,
To comprehend or thinke of ſuch
an unexpected bliſſe.
But when there was no way but that
for ever I muſt dye,
He in th' abundance of his love
with his life mine would buy.
Both undeſir'd and undeſerv'd
for me his life he laid,
He brake my cord, and burſt my chain,
and downe my ranſome pay'd,
He ſet me free, and dy'de my death,
he bluſht not at the ſhame:
But laughing at their mockeries
he ventur'd on the flame.
Of God Almighties wrath alone
the

the Winepreſſe he did tread,
The weight he bore was wondrous great,
water and blood he ſhed.
Though preſt downe to the very duſt,
yet off he did not caſt
Thoſe curſes he did beare for me,
but clung to the croſſe faſt.
Eternall life, his life laid downe
for us both woe and wan,
And God the bleſſed God was made
a curſe for curſed man.
O depth of love and bottomleſſe!
man cannot reach't I wis,
The firmament, or whatſoere
then ſatan lower is.
The Seas with labour may be paſt,
'tis frequent in our time,
But this, as God himſelfe, no bounds
or limits can confine.
Thinke you it was but common love
for love of man to dye,
And that we might be rais'd aloft,
lower then earth to lie?

O infinitely lov'd mankind,
the darling of thy God,
For thee thy Saviour hath felt
his Fathers irefull rod.
The Angels mighty were, but thou
belov'd of God above, (power,
They'd ſtrength and all commanding
but thou the ſtrength of love.
O ſtrange! did God come downe from
and for man, man was made? (heaven,
Nay, did he ſuffer for poore man
thoſe torments as you ſaid?
And is my ſelfe a man for whom
that mighty God did dye?
What I the poore and vileſt worme,
the ſonne of miſery?
O worthyer of greater love
than my cloſe breſt can hold,
Let it by all poſterity
to their ſonnes ſonnes be told.
All places ring of this, the Court
and eke the Sanctuary,
Let it in every publicke ſtreet

the ſubject of Songs be.
Let this incomprehenſible
and boundleſſe love of God,
Be blown with Trump & ſhrilleſt voyce
through all the world abroad.
When thou doſt feele a damping griefe
ſinke thy tormented heart,
A thought of this will rais't againe,
And free it from all ſmart.
Tis life unto thee, and will free
thy ſoule from deaths annoy,
O heart how canſt thou chuſe at this
but even dance for joy?
Thy Father, Mother, or thy Nurſe
did nere love thee ſo well;
Nor yet thy friend, though he was ſaid
within thee for to dwell.
Why with that precious font of blood
ſo freely to be bought
Was ſuch a worke as mortall man
nor could, nor would have wrought.
But he did dye, indeed he did,
he ſuffered all my ſmart,

That

That Agony and bloody ſweat,
that would have ſeis'd my heart:
This was a wonder ſure, but I
as great a one can tell,
My Saviour onely did not dye,
but I my ſelfe as well.
His death was mine, his croſs my curſe
with him upon the tree
My body faſtned was, the paine
did ſtretch each artery.
Then was I toſt by Unicornes,
and torne with Lions clawes,
The Buls of *Baſan* clos'd me in,
and rent me in their jawes,
The Angels fixt on me their eyes,
and the deſpiſers hurld
Their mockes upon me, and me call'd
the ſcumme and ſcoffe oth' world.
Whipped I was, & crownd with thorns,
of man a worme was made;
They trod upon me, and with death
to feare me they aſſay'd.
As a third thiefe upon the croſſe
with

with Chriſt I hanged was,
And when on his, then on my head,
ſentence of death did paſſe.
Oh then was this worlds Judgement
at that ſame very houre, (day,
The Prince of darkneſſe was caſt out,
and ſpoyl'd of all his power.
Then dead by the death of the Prince,
the Prince of death became ;
The roaring Lion vanquiſh'd was
by th'undefiled Lambe.
Then both the Son, and Sons of God,
yea all the world, I ſay,
According to Gods righteous Lawes,
beheld their judgement day.
As ſtill as drops in fleece of wooll,
or ſhadow did it paſſe,
Or like the ſoftly gliding ſtreames,
or dew on tender graſſe.
Twas nothing like that judgement day
that draweth on ſo faſt, (trump,
Which ſhall be with the voyce of
with ſtorme and tempeſts blaſt.

With

With flaming and devouring fire;
when both the earth ſhall ſhake,
And at the preſence of the Lord,
the melting heavens ſhall quake.
Twill be a fearefull day indeed,
and that was fearefull too,
When Gods own Sonne amazed ſtood
and quite aſtonyed grew,
When he ſweat blood,& to God cry'd,
to take away the cup,
When darkneſſe was ore all the world
although the Sunne was up.
When Chriſt was hangd on curſed tree,
and in him all we here,
At ſight of which the earth amaz'd,
trembled and ſhooke for feare.
The Sunne waxt pale and was abaſht,
the graves gave up their dead,
The Saints into *Jeruſalem*,
from opened Coffins fled.
A very Judgement day was this,
yea,twas my day indeed,
Then ſuffer'd I for my owne ſinne,
then

then was I ſeene to bleed.
Twas I was ſtretcht upon the Croſſe,
I hang'd, twas I did dye,
It was my blood that then was ſhed
my Saviour gave it me.
My ſelfe did ſuffer, for to me
his very ſelfe he gave;
And when he dyed, then was my ſelfe
buryed with him in's grave.
Three dayes under deaths hand I lay,
he domineer'd ore me,
And as inſulting Conquerors,
even ſo triumphed he.
But Death was trodden downe at laſt,
and life did victor d well:
My death is dead, my croſſe accurs'd,
and hell is caſt in hell.
Now all as watch ith night is paſt,
Death his deaths wound I gave,
But all in Chriſt, through whō beſides
eternall life I have.
My ſufferings now are at an end,
damnation is quite paſt,

The day of my curſe now is fled,
Death can no longer laſt,
Eternall death I nere ſhall ſee;
what endleſſe was, has end.
O endleſſe mercy this! O power
to which all things ſhall bend!
And now inlarge thy heart, O man;
all bleſſings, thankes, and praiſe
Aſcribe to God, who Jeſus Chriſt
from death to life did raiſe.
His right hand pluckt him from the grave
and quickned him againe,
And now behold, above the heavens
he glorioufly doth raigne.
And as before with him I dyed,
and ſuffered torments thrall,
So, as a Conqueror with him,
I roſe and vanquiſh'd all;
And now I live, bleſſed be God,
to bleſſe my bleſſed King,
And ſongs of my deliverance
for ever-more to ſing.
But one was judg'd, yet in that one

a judgement paſt on all,
And though death was particular,
yet it was generall.
I then was curſed, and yet bleſt,
ſmitten, but heal'd againe,
In hell I was, and yet on earth,
pierced, but felt no paine.
And thus to what mans ſhallow thoughts
can never reach unto,
Or what words never can expreſſe,
God with a word can doe.
And thus doth Jeſus Chriſt appeare
to them which faithfull be,
The wiſdome, and omnipotent power
of higheſt Majeſty,
And thus I doe perſwade my ſelfe,
that I with Jeſus dyed,
And with Saint *Paul* confeſſe that I
with Chriſt was crucifyed.
And thus I ſee mercy and truth
doe both together meet;
And righteouſneſſe with quiet peace,
each other friendly greet.

And

And thus I ſee a dead man live,
and who was once abhor'd,
Accepted now by God himſelfe
through Jeſus Chriſt our Lord.
Already O my ſoule thou haſt
beene taken for thy ſinnes,
And brought before the Judgment ſeat
of proud and cruell Kings.
They ſpat upon thee, and in ſcorne
the ſcoffers bent their knee,
What malice could, or rage invent,
they did inflict on thee.
But thou haſt broken up hell gates,
and riſen from the grave,
Yea thou from their inſulting hands
thy innocent ſelfe didſt ſave.
No curſe or condemnation
ſhall ever thee moleſt:
But thy ſafe ſoule ſhall now injoy
an everlaſting reſt.
Thou dyedſt with him, and thou ſhalt
thou ſufferedſt, and ſhalt raigne: (live
All thy afflictions now are fled,

and

and joy begins againe.
O what a comfort tis to know,
that my damnation's paſt,
And that I now ſhall live with God
where pleaſures alwayes laſt!
It is my joy that ſorrow's gone,
'tis heaven to conquer hell.
What greater bleſſing than to live
where curſes never dwell?
What if as yet I were not freed,
my ranſome not yet paid,
What ſhould then I give for my life,
to have the judgement ſtay'd?
Say I ſhould Sheepe and Oxen bring,
the firſtlings of my flocke,
Or offer up ſweet Frankincenſe,
the fat of all my flocke;
Had I diſpers'd abroad as ſeed,
and on the thirſty ground,
As long expected water drops,
or wiſh'd for raine beene found;
If I as *Job* for hungry ſoules
my choyſeſt cates ſhould dreſſe,

And

And with my warmeſt garments cloath
my Brothers nakedneſſe;
If I the fatherleſſe had tooke
and foſterd as my owne,
Or if a Temple I had built,
as once did *Solomon*;
Though for the poore houſes I had
Or Schooles for Prophets made,
Though for my ranſome ſtreames of
or Oyle ſhould have bin paid,(blood
This and ten thouſand times as much,
had neere effectuall beene
For purging my polluted ſoule,
or wiping off one ſinne.
Nothing was pretious before God,
but Gods owne pretious blood.
Had he not dyed, my ſentence yet
in perfect force had ſtood.
To purchaſe heaven, had I this earth,
and whatſoever is ſeene
To carry any worthineſſe,
it would as nothing beene.
Had I worne ſackecloath, and in duſt

caſt

caſt my ſelfe humbly downe,
Covering my deſpicable head
with Aſhes for a Crowne,
My daies and ſtrength had I conſum'd
in never ceaſing teares,
Had hunger eaten up my fleſh,
and beauty of my yeares,
Had I been whipt with cords of braſſe,
or did my fleſh inciſe,
With hope to be like *Baals* Prieſts,
my ſelfe the Sacrifice;
Yet this could nere have equall beene
with death and darkneſſe chaines:
There's no compariſon twixt theſe
and hels eternall paines.
O no alas! the ſting of death
is worſer far then ſo,
Theſe paines are finite, but in hell
is everlaſting woe.
Theſe things are true, as truth it ſelfe,
and ſeal'd with Gods owne ſeale;
O happy is that man whoſe heart
the Spirit of God doth fill.

Gods name I alwayes will extoll,
becauſe he lets me ſee
Thoſe things belong unto my peace,
and my felicity.

MEDI-

MEDITATION. III.

Of the Righteouſneſſe of Faith.

O Vile and inconſiderate man,
what miſchiefes have I done?
Into what unfrequented paths
hath my affections run?
It ſhameth, it repenteth me,
my ſpirit waxeth faint,
So that from Morne to Evening Sun,
I lift up my complaint;
I caſt me downe before Gods throne,
my ſpirit within me failes,
I cry, yea cry aloud to heaven,
yet all this nought availes.
But oh unwiſe, why doe not I
my fruitleſſe clamors ceaſe,

And flye unto the Lord of life,
and there lay hold on peace?
Why let I not the ſpirit exalt
and faith requicken me?
Chriſt dyed for ſin, and yet I live
in my iniquity;
As from a Fountaine, ſo diſtill'd
the water from his ſide,
The blood guſh'd out as waters doe
at an unuſuall tyde.
He girt himſelfe and waſhed me,
as milke he made me white,
And as the driven ſnow, ſo pure
appear'd I in his ſight;
With water he beſprinkled me,
and clens'd me from dead workes,
Within me no corruption,
No ſpot or wrinckle lurkes.
In me as *Jacob*, not the leaſt
tranſgreſſion there bin,
And as in *Iſrael*, ſo the Lord
beholds in me no ſin.
Forgiveneſſe and redemption,

by his deare blood I have,
And God in thee the very wiſh
of my deſires gave ;
That I am waſh'd, is that I wiſh'd,
and now what reſts beſide,
But that my ſoule enjoying peace
contentedly abide?
But oh how troubled was I once?
what burdens did I beare?
And notwithſtanding all my filth,
naked did I appeare.
My hidden ſin lay ope, I ſaw
its foule deformity,
But out alas, how foule it was,
how loathſome to the eye!
I ſo abhor'd it, that I ſcorne
to hide me from its view,
And reaſon had I, for ſo vile
a monſter I nere knew.
O evill, nothing ill but this!
but then I thought I would
Avoid my ſinne, but it the more
my fiying ſteps purſued.

It clave unto me as my skin,
or marrow to my bones,
Yea, ſo it was, I did poſſeſſe
my moſt abhorred ones;
Then with deep ſighes, and caſt downe
unto the Lord I came, (lookes,
And beg'd he would conceale my ſin,
and cloud my open ſhame.
I beg'd, and ceas'd not day or night,
my ſin provok'd me to't,
I wiſh'd the Lord would make me clean
and thinke you he would do't?
Yea, I perceiv'd that he had cleans'd
my ſpotleſſe leproſie,
And with his richeſt mantle cloath'd
my late deformity.
The garments he adorn'd me with,
(what could he more have done?)
Were even the goodlyeſt and the beſt
Of his beloved Sonne;
The riches of his Treaſury,
to me he did diſcover,
And with perfum'd, and fineſt cloath,
he

he cloathed me all over.
My garlands ſmelt of Caſſia,
and other pretious ſtemmes,
The ground-worke was refined gold,
beſet with ſhining gemmes.
The King himſelfe to ſhew his love,
his endleſſe love to me,
From his own ſhoulders took the robe
of ſpotleſſe purity.
So that my ſhamefull nakedneſſe
was now no longer ſeene;
My ſinfull ſin became to me,
as it had never beene.
I once was poore, but now am rich,
my nakedneſſe is gone,
My darkeneſſe fled, ſo that I ſhine
as the Meridian Sunne.
What greater glory could there be,
than to be cloath'd with God?
He drew his skin upon my ſin,
his blood upon my blood.
Thus was I made the bleſſed man,
whoſe wickedneſſe was hid,

To whom the Lord imputes no ſinne,
of all that ere I did.
O bleſt be God, I put on Chriſt,
his righteouſneſſe, his ſpirit,
His body, ſoule, his skin, his fleſh,
his forme I did inherit.
How chang'd I was, how altered!
I was not now the ſame,
For I of mortall man, the Sonne
of God himſelfe became.
To worke my endleſſe miſery,
Satan was ſtrongly bent,
To rob and captivate my ſoule,
it was his ſole intent,
But God the Lord with mighty hand
my deſtin'd paines did beare,
So that my latter bleſſings, farre
more than my former were.
My poverty became my wealth,
I got by that I loſt,
For old and uncouth rags my minde
was cloath'd with' holy Ghoſt,
That righteouſnes which was my own
like

like vapors vanquiſht quite,
And as a miſt before the Sunne,
ſo fled it from my ſight,
And in its roome the ſpotleſſe robe
of pureſt ſanctity,
The righteouſneſſe of Gods owne Son
did overſhadow me.
O bleſſed God, and loving Chriſt,
how amply tis made good,
That as ſinne did abound, ſo grace
ſuperabounding ſtood? (poore
And thus the Lord would have me
that I thereby might know
Thoſe pretious riches that in him
doe never ebbing flow.
And now O Satan, what haſt thou
againſt Gods Sonne to ſay?
Thou art to accuſe the guilty man:
alas, hee's ſlipt away.
I am the man that nere knew ſin,
thou wouldſt the old man have,
But he with Chriſt was crucifide,
and buryed in his grave.

And being dead he liveth not,
but I the new man am.
Thou me a ſinner wouldſt accuſe,
but I am not the ſame.
Thou for the child of *Beliall*,
eternall paines doſt breed,
But I am Son and heire of God,
begotten of his ſeed.
And what haſt thou wherof thou canſt
the Sonne of God reprove?
When Chriſt himſelfe acquitteth me,
dar'ſt thou a ſlander move?
Who is't can ſay I am a Thiefe,
though I have often ſtole?
Or who blaſphemer, thogh my mouth
with bitter oathes hath ſwolne?
I am no lyer though I ly'd,
I ſinn'd, yet have no ſinne,
Who dares againſt the elect of God
an accuſation bring?
If God the Lord but juſtifie,
if he but ſet me free,
Dares any be ſo raſhly bold,

as to diſquiet me?
Tis Chriſt that dy'd, nay more, tis he
the barres of death that breakes,
And tis not I, that ſayes theſe things,
but Chriſt within me ſpeakes.
Gods wiſdome how profound it is,
how deepe his counſells are!
His judgments are unſearchable,
above our wiſedomes farre.
Why was there ever worke like this,
that who did God diſgrace,
Should be accepted for his Sonne,
and have the higheſt place;
That he who with malicious words
his brothers fame did wound,
Within his mouth ſhold have no guile
or ranckorous ſlander found;
That he who hath tranſgreſt the Law,
ſhould nere tranſgreſſe the ſame,
But free from all corruption, live
without deſerved blame?
No Metamorphoſis like this,
one's age for to renue,

And of an old and withered man,
become indeed a new ;
For man to be the Sonne of God,
and he that's borne of earth,
To be the man, the Lord of heaven,
by a miraculous birth;
For him that erſt was nought but ſin,
ſin to have never knowne,
The Poets never ſpake or dreampt
ſuch wonders as this one.
To juſtifie the unjuſt man,
th'unrighteous to make pure,
To undoe what was done, and looſe
what Satan bound ſo ſure,
No power could ever doe like this,
but he who all things can,
Beyond what ever ſinkes into
the breſt of any man.
The eare ſuch miracles as theſe
had nere the power to heare;
Nor yet our eyes could never ſee,
though nere ſo quicke and cleare.
When men had thought there was no
hope it

it ever could be done,
Then God did doe it, and the ſinne
which was done is undone.
Thoſe faults which I did once commit
are not committed now,
And he is guiltleſſe that did once
for lucre breake his vow.
Oh what a price would I have given
to have my conſcience purg'd!
How did I wiſh to have my ſinnes
remov'd, that ſome urg'd!
And ſee my God the very wiſh
of my deſires gave,
He did diſcover that thoſe things
I did requeſt I have.
And thus with confidence I ſay,
the Lord can witneſſe it,
That though I have committed ſin,
I nere committed it.
Thy righteouſneſſe I have not hid
O Lord within my breſt,
Nor yet the knowledge of thy grace
have I denyed the reſt.

And thus to every ſtedfaſt heart,
whoſe ſpirit theſe truthes doth ſee,
The wiſdome and the power of God
doth Chriſt appeare to be.
And thus is Chriſt the end, and the
fulfilling of the Law;
And thus is Faith the evidence
of things we never ſaw.
And thus, unrighteous as I am,
full righteous I remaine,
And though I daily do tranſgreſſe,
without a ſpot or ſtaine.
Thus being unjuſt, there is a way
from miſchiefe to be free.
In death there's life, in ſin no blame
nor in iniquity.
This muſt be meant when we doe ſay
there's righteouſneſſe by faith,
And 'tis a better far than that
the painefull worker hath:
To wit, that faith aſſureth us
our ſinnes are all forgiven (meanes
By Chriſts owne death without all

our

our ſcores are all made even.
Better to us by farre is Chriſt
than were the law obey'd,
And then a thouſand *Adams* what
our Saviour for us paid.
The firſt man brought his righteouſnes
and eke the ſecond too.
Chriſt his from heaven, *Adam* from
alas, it would not doe. (earth,
The firſt was mans, and was of man,
how poore I wis and vaine;
The ſecond was of God himſelfe,
of a diviner ſtraine.
Our's is but as a filthy clout,
as durt and dung to this,
Twas freely given, and yet than it
there is no greater bliſſe.
His by Creation *Adam* had,
I this by Gods free love,
It is a jewell that I prize,
all earthly wealth above:
All that I have, I would have gave
to purchaſe this ſame gemme;

But all was not enough, this one
by farre out-valued them.
Now farewell all, and welcome this,
and happy be the day,
That firſt inveſted me with it,
O let it ſhine alway,
O let it mongſt the dayes of heaven
in golden lines be writ,
May no unlucky thing befall,
for to diſcredit it.
This is that righteouſneſſe wherein
for ever I muſt boaſt,
Twas freely given as aire or breath,
it nothing did me coſt.
In this I truſt, on this alone,
as on a rocke I ſtay,
And ſurely it will currant paſſe
at the great Judgement day.
At ſight of this, all that was mine,
I utterly denyed.
Alaſſe! it was but droſſe and dung,
as all the world beſide.
All things behind me have I caſt

as doth the Snake her skin,
Or he who having coſtly cloathes,
the torne ones he was in.
I have deſpis'd them as the clay,
or dunghill in the ſtreete,
Yea all the glory of this world
I trample under feete.
All thoſe well-ſeeming ſpecious works
I valued ſo before,
As dung, as filthy loathſome dung
I utterly abhorre.
That rich and glorious attire,
in which I vanted ſo,
Which having on, my neareſt friend,
if poore, I ſcarce would know,
What was my gay and ſilken coates,
my cloath of fineſt thred,
But as a flower that faire appeares
and ſtraightwayes withered?
O now, ſaid I, ſoule take thy eaſe,
for thou ſhalt never want,
When as indeed, I was as poore
and naked as the Ant.

In mire I wallowed as a hog,
yet thought I was well cloath'd,
But out alas, to God himſelfe,
how foule I was and loath'd!
O vaine, and too too credulous men,
how we doe ſet eſteeme
On that which is in deed nought leſſe,
than what we vainely deeme!
O ever bleſt and happy men,
whom Chriſt had mercy on,
Whoſe blood hath clens'd and purifi'd
from your corruption, (hath changd
Whom God hath waſh'd, whom God
and with the light array'd,
So that henceforward, no report
can make your ſoule afraid!
And thus by ſin I was caſt downe
that I by that might know
The value and eſteemed worth
that in his grace doth flow.
I was caſt downe to be lift up,
and that I might well know
The riches of his righteouſneſſe,

my

my weakeneſſe he did ſhow.
Oh who is ſo foole-valiant,
as to approach his ire?
Or who ſo bold as to draw nere
the all-conſuming fire? (Judge
Who then ſhall live, when the great
of heaven and earth ſhall riſe,
And in a robe of ſparkling light
approach our dazled eyes?
Even the man that lives in Chriſt,
ſhall feele no wounding hand,
And though both heaven and earth do
yet he ſhall firmely ſtand. (fal,
But Chriſt ſure wil not Chriſt condemn
but as his choſen ſheepe
From the prepared vengeance ſafe
as his owne ſelfe will keepe.
For why? I righteous ſhall appeare
being with Chriſt array'd,
And into Gods owne Image chang'd.
by whom I firſt was made:
Then Chriſt himſelfe in man ſhall ſee
the glory of his face,

As in a glaſſe he ſhall behold
his owne reflected grace,
And as the Judge himſelfe, ſo ſhall
he that is judged be;
In whom being chang'd, Chriſt, onely
ſhall Chriſt himſelfe then ſee. (Chriſt
He ſhall be full of innocence,
the man that nere knew ſin,
Chriſt ſhall his Image ſee in him,
his fleſh, his bone, his skin.
What ere is old ſhall paſſe away,
and all ſhall become new,
The heavens, the earth, & man beſides,
ſhall God himſelfe renew.
As *Adam* was, ſo ſhall he be,
as *Adam* did I ſay?
Yea as the man and Lord from heaven,
that did his ranſome pay,
And he who firſt was borne below,
and was a man of earth,
As God himſelfe ſo ſhall he be,
by a more noble birth:
He ſhall be call'd (O bleſſed name!)

Gods owne begotten Son ;
Yea, as his first begotten is,
he shall be such a one.
For outward shape, and inward forme;
so glorious without,
So rich and glorious within,
so innocent throughout:
Cleane shall his Saviour him present,
before the Judgement Throne,
When men nor Angels nought shall bring
gainst such a righteous one.
Him God and's conscience shall acquit,
by both he shall be prais'd,
And as the Angels, his free soule
'bove terror shall be rais'd.
The Lord shall save him, happy man!
and then the proud shall see,
How vaine and idle their threats were,
and after silent be.
But man how greatly art thou bound,
to him who did all this,
Who purg'd thy guilt, and sav'd thy soule
from death and hels abysse;

That

That tooke away thy foule rebuke
and accuſation,
And made the righteous before God
an undefiled one.
The day wil come when thou ſhalt feel
the warmth of this within,
And unto God the Lord ſhall ſay,
how great thy mercies beene!
When gladneſſe ſhall enlarge thy heart,
and thou amaz'd ſhalt ſtand,
Beholding what the Lord hath done,
the worke of his owne hand:
Then ſhal thy tongue with many more
all fild with the ſame ſpirit,
Whoſe hearts are full as free as thine,
and the ſame love inherit,
Extoll the glory of thy God,
and praiſe his bleſſed Sonne,
In the ſame ſong agreeing all,
as if you were but one.
Oh 'tis a worthy worke indeed
the beſt that man can doe,
And as it is the worthyeſt,

ſo't ſhall be endleſſe too.
Had death but got the upper-hand,
how thou hadſt beene diſgrac'd?
Had thine accuſers but prevail'd,
thou hadſt beene quite defac'd;
But now the danger's paſt and gone,
thy doubts and feares are ore,
And all the lowring clouds of death
ſhall fright thy ſoule no more.
Thus whomſoever God ſhall pleaſe
to honour with his love,
From out the groveling preſſe of cares
his ſoule he will remove.

MEDI-

MEDITATION. IV.

Concerning our reconciliation by Christ our Lord.

THe Lord, our good and gracious (Lord
that is to anger slow,
But in all truth and righteousnesse
abundantly doth flow,.
Forgiving those whose crooked wills
his goodnesse did offend,
And as the aire, to all the world,
his mercy doth extend.
Tis true indeed that for a while
he seem'd me to forsake,
But now into his armes of love
for aye he doth me take.
In his due time my Father tooke
me his forsaken Sonne:
Oh love, so friendly to receive

a poore deſpiſed one!
He doth imbrace me in his armes,
and gives me many a kiſſe,
His ring upon my hand was put,
and all things worke my bliſſe;
The fatted calfe, and ſpotleſſe Lambe,
to ſlaughter went for me.
The ſeales of love did cover all
my foule iniquity,
The finding of his once loſt Sonne,
did ſo rejoyce his heart,
That heaven, and all the Angels there,
in joy doe beare a part.
As I was comming home, with armes
of Love he did me meete,
And oh how often did his lips
with mine together meet!
His bowels yearn'd at ſight of me,
and welcome did he ſay;
Yea quite as welcome as if thou
hadſt never ſtray'd away.
And thus unkind although I was,
my Father yet was kind,

And gladly tooke whom all the world
had cast out of their mind.
The world forsooke me, but the hea-
vens
wide open spread their gates:
Thus he the darling is of God,
whom foolish worldlings hates.
Why art thou troubled O my heart?
what anguish doth thee move?
What pensive sadnesse doth disturbe
thee and thy former love?
Weep not poore soule, for see the Lord
gives thee thy hearts desire;
Oh see, though sorrows cast thee down
thy God doth lift thee higher!
Thou art not loaden so with sin,
thy feares doe dimme thy sight,
For Christ hath tooke the burden off,
that did thy soule affright.
O man that feares't, see thy feare,
the utmost of thy smart,
I will discover to thy soule
the anguish of thy heart.
Indeed I will declare the truth,

thou

thou art but a dead man,
But 'tis to ſin, ſin in thy ſoule
hath done the worſt it can.
That which did ſlay thee, now is ſlain,
ſin hath his deadly wound,
And now O man thou ſeeſt the worſt,
that in thee can be found.
Thy ſickneſſe is become thy health,
what eaſe like thy diſeaſe?
To periſh thus was to revive,
how can this chuſe but pleaſe?
And now O man, why art thou ſad?
and bluſhing hid'ſt thy face?
O that thou ſaw'ſt how faire thou art
thy glories comely grace!
Oh that thine eye-lids open were,
to ſee thy bleſſed ſtate!
Twould make thy heart within thee leap,
and all ſad thoughts abate,
Alas, alas! why doſt thou droope,
when all is ſafe and ſound?
Why faintſt thou, when behold within
no griefe or wound is found?

Thou liv'ſt, and yet thou ſay'ſt I dye,
thou'rt bleſt, what needſt thou feare?
The ſacrifice for ſin is paſt,
its weight why ſhouldſt thou beare?
Let joy and gladneſſe cheare thy heart
let griefe and ſorrow ceaſe;
How vaine is feare, when God & thee,
art at erernall peace?
O penſive man! behold I come
from God to comfort thee:
Goe comfort the diſtruſtfull man,
revive his ſpirits, ſayes he,
Goe tell *Jeruſalem* that all
her ſtormes are paſt and gone,
Her paines are ceaſd, her ſins are quite
forgotten every one.
The price for ſin is amply paid,
tis this we are to Preach,
Goe tell all Nations this, ſaith he,
no other Doctrine teach.
And think'ſt thou then, O man, that I
will dumbe or ſilent be?
Yea I will tell thee what my Chriſt

hath

hath freely done for thee.
There came a man from heaven to earth,
the great Kings only Son,
His errand was to treat of peace,
Oh twas a heavenly one!
Both God and Man he was, that both
might reconciled be,
Twixt whom a covenant was made
for all eternity.
He coupled both in his owne ſelfe,
of two he made us one;
No diſagreement ere ſhall breake
ſo firme an Union.
The angry heavens and ſinfull earth,
were each gainſt other bent,
But Chriſt by offering up himſelfe,
did make them both relent.
So that in one they now are met,
and joyntly doe agree,
To publiſh which, Gods royall hoſts
and Miniſters are we.
O welcome newes! me thinks my heart
doth leape within my breſt,

While glory unto God I ſing,
to men eternall reſt,
Tis none of our inventions this,
to tell it God was pleas'd,
This is my Son, ſayes he, in whom
my ſpirit is appeas'd.
To witneſſe which that royall gueſt,
the good mans joy and cheare,
The Spirit of God into our breaſt,
like Sunſhine did appeare:
Feare did beſet us, but this Spirit
ſpoke peace unto our heart,
Tis Gods owne ſpirit, and Gods owne Peace,
to us it doth impart.
Which whoſoever doth poſſeſſe
to all men will declare,
In open ſtreets, or whereſoere
the great Aſſemblies are;
And let not him whoſe weaker minde
theſe truthes cannot attaine,
Cry out with proud and ſcornfull lips
fie out, 'tis all but vaine,
For as our eye aſſureth us

of

of what we plainely ſee,
So doth Gods Spirit manifeſt
this heavenly myſtery.
O harken, an I I will you tell
ſuch newes as nere was told,
My breſt is ſwolne with quicke deſires,
till I this truth unfold,
A peace 'twixt God and man is made,
an everlaſting peace,
Though time and world may have an end
yet this ſhall never ceaſe.
Upon our hearts by Gods owne hand
the Covenant is writ,
The blood, the pretious blood of Chriſt
for aye hath ſealed it.
And now away from me all ye,
that worke my ſoules diſmay,
Unwelcome griefe and ſad diſtruſt,
be gone from me, I ſay.
And be thou cheery O my ſoule,
and to thy Father King,
With voyces ſweeteſt melody,
a joyfull Anthem ſing.

Thy weakned hands and feeble knees,
ſhall vigor now receive,
Yea with redoubled ſtrength thy weake
and drooping ſpirits ſhall live.
Me thinkes I am not what I was,
this newes has made me new:
Tis ſuch a meſſage as the heart
of mortall man nere knew,
The very feete of thoſe bleſt men,
that can ſuch tidings tell,
Are farre more beautifull than thoſe
mongſt worldlings moſt excell.
All other thoughts but onely this
I baniſh quite away,
This is the ſhield, the rocke, the tower,
on which my ſoule ſhall ſtay.
O bleſſed man! my peace is made,
my God and I are one,
Ten thouſand ſins ſhall never breake
this happy union.
For though I multiply my ſins,
in number 'bove the ſand,
My God howere is ſtill the ſame,

his

his truth must firmely stand ;
O blessed peace, and blessed day,
on which this peace was wrought!
For ever be thou blest, O Christ,
whose blood this peace hath bought
Had't thou not liv'd, O holy one,
I surely should have dyed,
Each sin had beene my death, & would
me and my God divide.
His peace and friendship had bin lost,
nere to be found againe,
In stead whereof an endlesse warre
and discord would remaine:
But now this feare is past and gone,
his Soule was paid for mine,
The ransome and redemption,
O holy one, was thine.
Be thou exalted O my Soule,
and leape within my brest,
For now thy God and thee are friends
his holy name be blest,
Yea blest for ever be his name,
whose might hath turn'd away

That vengeance and consuming fire,
which never would decay,
Who valiantly stood in the breach
when death and hell came on,
And brought with thē an endles curse,
he vanquish'd every one,
And Champion-like maintain'd the field
till victory was obtain'd,
Which notwithstanding, for we men,
not for himselfe he gain'd:
He bore the brunt, and we the fruite
of all his paines doe reape,
Then let our love and thankfulnesse,
no bounds or limits keepe.
Wouldst thou the true and perfect use
of thy Redeemer know?
O listen, and I will it teach,
and faithfully will show.
If thou through sin dost hang thy head
and shaming hid'st thy face,
Because thou thinkst God hath with-drawn
the lustre of his face;
Yea though its malice doth suggest

thou

thou canſt not pardoned be,
Since wittingly thou didſt offend
ſo good a God as he:
Yet notwithſtanding O my Chriſt,
thou wilt my pardon plead.
And thus betweene my God and me
thy love will intercede.
What though his ſins are numberleſſe;
for ſuch as theſe I dyed,
Yea, ſin it ſelfe upon the Croſſe,
with me was crucifyed.
And if 'tis crucifyed, 'tis dead,
and nere ſhall riſe againe;
But falling once, it quite conſumes,
as doth the miſſing raine.
Thou knowſt my Father that I am
the Mercy ſeate alone,
Thou knowſt that I am Lord and King
what I will ſhall be done.
If then my mercy ſhall extend,
to every ſinfull ſoule,
What man is he can queſtion it
or dares my will controule?

I ſpare and ſave whom ere I pleaſe,
O Lord it is confeſt,
Give ore to doubt then O my Soule,
and ſafely be at reſt.
And thou O man of ſin that think'ſt
with threats my ſoule to ſpill,
Perſwading me that all ſhall goe
according to thy will.
Alas! the Kingdome is not thine,
for ſhame then leave to boaſt,
When Chriſt ſubdu'd, & vanquiſht thee
thy claime was loſt thou know'ſt.
And yet behold thou labourſt ſtill
to make a ſecond warre,
And ſubtly aymeſt to provoke
me and my God to jarre.
It is thy practiſe, thy delight
to draw my ſoule to ſin, (wrath
And then thou think'ſt God will be
and thou the day ſhalt win:
But all is vaine, for Jeſus Chriſt
at Gods right hand I ſee,
And though I heape up ſin on ſin,

he intercedes for me.
I ſpeake but what I feele and know,
God my redeemer ſent,
His wings did overſhadow me,
and touched as he went;
He bore the blows that juſtly were
directed firſt at me,
His Soule for mine he did oppoſe,
and all to ſet me free.
He life for life, and ſhame for ſhame,
he death for death did pay,
Under that yoke I ſhould have groand
he did his owne necke lay.
How vaine a thing it were to thinke
we could that love expreſſe,
That to his Father on this wiſe
our Saviour did addreſſe.
O righteous Father, if it be
a thing that may be done,
Let man ariſe from death to life,
and ſpare thine onely Son:
If any other way be left
to lift him from the grave,

Then by thy deareſt darlings death,
thy child ſweet Father ſave:
But if it muſt be ſo, that man
except I dye muſt dye,
Spare not O righteous Judge, my ſelfe
I give moſt willingly.
On my head let the curſes fall,
that mankind may be bleſt,
Thine anger bend at me, that peace
on his head ſtill may reſt,
I am content to undergoe
the burden of thy hate,
That ſo thy love to him may flow,
and comfort on him waite.
The Son of love a'though I am,
thy wrath on me let fly;
O ſpare me not, but let me fall,
as ſin it ſelfe ſhould dye.
But *Iſraels* head, with peace O Lord,
and bleſſings compaſſe round;
With garlands of delight and joy,
my brethrens heads be crownd;
Let no diſpleaſure them moleſt,

they

they are my joy, my deare,
With armes of love encompaſſe them,
and bid them nothing feare.
Thus for a time though in the grave
and ſhades of death he lay,
Yet ſtraitwayes darkeneſſe was expeld,
and then brake out the day;
Freſh as a Bridegroome he appear'd,
his Father did him meet,
And with wide open armes his Son,
his onely Son did greet.
And now the peace of heaven & earth,
in glory he doth raigne,
The bleſſing of the Church of God,
the good mans joy and gaine.
And unto love and life himſelfe
he did not raiſe alone,
But likewiſe us he did advance
and glorifyed each one;
With him we live, with him we raigne,
and what doth make us glad,
Of us than of the Son of God
no leſſe regard is had.

O

O then for ever happy man
whose peace is made so sure,
That let sin do the worst it can,
it must for aye indure.
Forth through a cloud the glorious beames
and countenance divine,
The lustre of his heavenly face,
upon our hearts doth shine,
So that in triumph now we ride,
the garland is our owne,
And see our hearts doe leape for joy,
our spirits are lighter growne.
Come then ye knowing soules, whose faith
no earthly thing can shake,
With sweet and hearty melody
this protestation make.
Than gold refin'd, or the sweet fruite
of the laborious Bees,
Than all that's pretious, O my God,
thy love doth better please.
By some to shine in Princes Courts,
a glorious thing is thought,
When as my soule ful well doth know

it is a thing of nought.
Than life it ſelfe, though life be ſweete,
thy love O Lord, is ſweeter;
Than to enjoy the world at will,
to live with thee is meeter.
Bout toyes and trifles, fooliſh man,
thou ſpend'ſt thy time in vaine,
Thou plow'ſt thy ground, & ſowſt thy (wheat,
and reapeſt it againe.
On gold and the laſcivious lookes
of an enticing face;
In looſe and lawleſſe love thou doſt
thy chiefe contentment place;
Thou drinkeſt Wine in golden bowles
and to the Harp doſt dance;
Thou paintſt thy face with Cynoper,
thy head thou doſt advance;
Thy necke with gold & pretious gems
thou doſt encircle round,
And in the houſe thou lately read'ſt
thy chiefe delight is found;
Thou thinkſt thy ſelf the happieſt man
when I enjoying thee,

Thou

Thou God of peace, without these toies
have all felicity.
Thy love before the love of Kings
I highly doe preferre,
Whilst they that seeke their peace on earth
doe infinitely erre.
With durt and trash a covenant
such idle men doe make:
But I from God a lasting league
of endlesse peace doe take;
Thereon my life and all my hopes
with confidence I lay;
And being safe, all carefull thoughts
I banish quite away.
Take then thy rest my cheerfull soule,
for ever take thy rest,
For why? no earthly thing can tell,
how highly thou art blest.

MEDI-

MEDITATION. V.

Of Faith, triumphing in the Victory of Christ.

O Earth lift up thy drooping head,
come and rejoy ce with me,
For Christ our valiant Champion
has got the victory:
I saw that fearefull battell fought,
where death and hell came on,
And Christ alone oppos'd them both,
and vanquished each one.
I saw him lifted up above
his proud insulting foes,
The Kings and Princes of the earth,
like Captives downe he throws;
Both death and hell with wondrous strength
below his feet he flung,

And

And having throwne them, up he gets
and trampled them as dung.
By death he was the death of death,
he overcame him quite,
That gyant and that mighty one,
his valour put to flight,
He laid his life downe in the durt,
and hell was then quite foiled,
His honour he depos'd ith duſt,
and then was ſin diſpoyled:
Sin that had trodden down the world
was now himſelfe trod under,
And who had often torne our hearts,
was rent himſelfe aſunder.
The tempter came and tempted him,
but backe return'd with ſhame.
As pureſt wheat or gold refind,
ſo ſpotleſſe was his name,
Hell fell, death died, the Prince of death
to death himſelfe was brought,
The grave inclos'd, that ſubtill one,
that oft our deaths had ſought.
Where was thy power, O coward death
that

that when our Lord was dead,
Thou couldſt not keep him in the grave
but yeilding, backward fled.
So that from death he roſe againe,
and looſed all hels chaines,
The iron gates were opened,
and out flew all hels paines.
Come then both men and Angels, ſing
this joyfull ſong with me,
O death, where is thy ſting? O grave,
where is thy Victory?
Deaths ſting is ſin, and ſtrength to ſin
the binding Lawes afford,
But prais'd be God, we have orecome,
through Jeſus Chriſt our Lord.
How dreadfull Satan did appeare?
his eyes did burne with rage,
And nought his malice, but my death
and ruine would aſſuage.
My ſtrength and courage quickely fell,
I was unable quite
His ſubtill malice to withſtand,
my ſins ſo dim'd my ſight;

Then up gets Satan and triumphed,
on tiptoes did he ſtand,
And me dejected ſlave he held
inſulting in his hand.
Then did I crouch, and at his feet,
me and my life I laid,
Beſides I thought for evermore
my ſoule would there have ſtaid.
When ſtraight the God of life appeard
and to my ſpirit reveal'd,
How long ere this he was appeas'd,
the bonds of love were ſeal'd;
That all my ſins, how great ſo ere,
with Chriſt were crucified,
So that within me not a ſpot
or blemiſh did abide.
Thou canſt not poſſibly conceive,
O man who ere thou art,
How ſtrange an alteration,
this newes wrought in my heart.
I found that I the Victor was,
and Satan was the ſlave,
That I am ſtrong and he moſt weake,

for

for all he did ſo brave.
Thoſe gins and ſnares that he had laid
in which my ſoule did fall,
Like ſpiders webs my Saviour broke,
and quite diſſeverd all.
This newes did breath into my ſoule
the breath of life anew,
For though the thing was done long (ſince,
till now I nere it knew:
That garment on my backe he put,
which was my elder Brothers,
Frõ one Sons head he took the crown,
and put it on anothers:
I that was captive led by ſin,
now ſin doe captive lead;
And death it ſelfe that once me ſlew,
by my right hand doth bleed:
And now Salvationthrough the world
is plentifully ſpread,
The Kingdome and the power of God
in every land is read.
Where then are all thy brags become,
thou proud inſulting foe?

How

How comes it that thou hang'ſt thy (head
that lately vaunted ſt ſo ?
Thou didſt orecome, and yet art ſlaine;
tis true thou threwſt me downe,
And yet behold I roſe againe,
ſee here I have the Crowne:
And ſince by faith I am aſſur'd,
my peace with heaven is made,
In vaine hereafter ſhalt thou ſtrive
to make my ſoule affraid,
I laugh at all the Stratagems,
thee or thy friends can make,
The feare of death, or darts of ſin,
ſhall never make me quake.
I know that God is above all,
his right hand me ſuſtaines,
And as a King ore death and hell
with him my ſpirit raignes:
Tis well at laſt thou art aſham'd,
tis well thou doſt diſcover,
That power thou lately didſt uſurpe,
like to a dreame, is over;
And that my faith, though often preſt,
ſince

since every day I fall,
Yet like the Palme tree rises up,
and spreads like Cedar tall.
The Okes of *Basan* though all heart,
are not so strong as it;
It stands al stormes and tempests wrath
when hills their stations quit.
Its footsteps stedfast are and firme,
its roote is deepe and sure,
Though all things else doe fade away,
my faith shall still indure.
The eye or eare, though nere so quicke
the mind though nere so good,
The excellence of grace and faith,
hath never understood.
By it I see the power of Christ,
triumphing ore the grave,
By it the knowledge of my life,
and happinesse I have.
That heaven by faith is purchased,
I must by no meanes say,
But that 'tis sure and certaine mine,
by Christs deserts, I may,

That the ſame Crown bedecks his head
was purchaſed for me,
That by his conqueſt I did gaine
a happy Victory;
Loe where the mighty men lye ſlaine,
the valiant ſpread the ground,
Behold and ſee where ſin lies dead,
death is not to be found.
Amidſt the ſlaughter'd carkaſſes
the Victor doth appeare,
Bring forth your inſtruments of joy,
to meet the Conqueror.
Sing Pſalmes of joy with chearefull voyce,
while others bring the Crowne,
And then to him all glory ſing,
all honour and renowne.
With golden pen in leaves of braſſe,
his valiant Acts declare,
And let them through the world be told,
where ever people are.
O ſee the goodneſſe of our God,
the crowne on him being plac'd,
He tooke it with his owne right hand,

and

and with it me he grac'd.
With honour he bedeckt me round,
he gave me ſtrength and might;
Into my hand a Palme he put,
into my heart delight.
And thus faith ſees how Chriſt is made
to every living man,
The wiſdome and the power of God,
let ſin doe all it can.
And thus at length I ſee, by ſin
how needfull twas to fall.
That grace might lift me up againe,
and rid me out of thrall,
That ſeeing how weake & fraile I am,
if God my ſpirit ſhould leave,
To the protection of his power,
I might the ſtronger cleave.
That by denying thus my ſelfe,
on God I might rely,
Accounting him alone the cauſe
of my felicity.
Thus by the weakeneſſe of us men,
the power of God is ſhowne.

Had I not mourned firſt, my joy
I never ſhould have knowne.
My feare did goe before my peace,
in death my life I found;
And thinking I was vanquiſhd quite,
my head with joy was crown'd.
Which way to get the victory,
O death canſt thou deviſe, (orecome,
Since when thou thoughtſt thou hadſt
thou waſt thy ſelfe the prize:
That tis moſt eaſie to orecome,
me and my traine 'tis true,
But ere thou getſt the conqueſt, Death,
my Chriſt thou muſt ſubdue.
Till thou haſt triumpht over him,
I muſt triumph ore thee,
And I am ſure thou canſt not thinke,
that that will ever be.
For ever therefore will I ſing,
as being ſure to find
My peace on earth, my peace in heaven
according to my mind.
O fooles and vaine, that in themſelves,
their

their peace and reſt doe ſeeke,
In whom contentment is debate,
whoſe ſtrength is wondrous weake.
O well is him that wiſdome hath,
ſhe does out-prize all treaſure.
In pearles and gems beſet with Gold,
there is not halfe that pleaſure.
The knowledg of thoſe heavēly truths
that doe our peace declare,
Doth more delight than al thoſe joyes
that in the wide world are.

MEDITATION. VI.

Of Hope Glorying.

O Rich and glorions Manſion,
by Gods owne fingers built,
Made all of living pretious ſtones
and curiouſly guilt,

Bedeckt with ſhining Carbuncles,
with Emeraulds beſet,
With Ivory pillars ſtately propt,
and intermixt with jet,
With rayes ſhot from the Lambes own
each roome thereof doth ſhine, (eies
The windowes Saphires are, the ſtreets
are full of love divine;
Whoſe ſtones are pretious, and whoſe
waters of life doe run, (brookes
Whoſe Temple is the Lamb, the love,
the Spouſe of Gods owne Son.
Her riches are bleſt innocence,
and everlaſting love,
The Glory and the Majeſty
of God himſelfe above.
The Glory both of heaven and earth,
within her doth appeare,
The Angels, and the Churches Prince,
the glorious King is there;
The noble men of *Iſrael*,
with all the Saints beſide, (ven
The Spouſe of Chriſt, the Queen of hea-
the

the Church doth there abide.
Peace, and the Sun there ſetteth not,
but ever are in ſight;
They know no griefe or ſadneſſe there,
no feares doe them affright,
And I though for a time eſtrang'd
an exile doe remaine,
Yet one day to my Fathers houſe,
I ſhall returne againe.
And O that that day were but come,
when life I ſhould receive,
Wherein my head ſhould be advanc'd,
and I this world ſhould leave.
The day, the long deſired day,
of mirth and merry glee,
When I my Father ſhall embrace,
and he will embrace me.
Beſides, at his right hand I ſhall
my eldeſt Brother meet,
And with him, all my Brethren elſe,
my welcome there will greet.
Rejoyce O Soule, rejoyce my heart,
for that day now draws nigh,

Come quickly, O my Lord, I long
mine armes in thine to tye.
As ſpringing graſſe or herbes, I peepe,
to ſee that glorious day,
When God his mercy ſhall reveale,
its riches ſhall diſplay,
When like a ſhadow, or a miſt,
theſe evill dayes ſhall paſſe,
When death ſhall ceaſe, and when I ſhal
forget it ever was,
When God ſhall ſet me in a Throne,
a rich and glorious ſeat,
When all my proud and haughty foes
ſhall crouch beneath my feet,
And on my head a Crowne ſhall fixe,
more pretious than Gold,
In glory and tranſcendent light
my body ſhall enfold;
The ſorrowes of this life and all
the ſad aſſaults of death,
To Satan and forgetfulneſſe,
I heartily bequeath.
Then ſickneſſe and the lingring paine

of

of a diſeaſe, no more
'Shall keepe me priſoner in my bed,
till all my joynts be ſore.
Then no decay my bones, my loynes
no griefe ſhall ere moleſt,
All ſickneſſe he ſhall chaſe away,
that moſt unwelcome gueſt.
When he commands my bones ſhal riſe
my skin my fleſh ſhall cover.
My beauty ſhall returne againe,
as freſh as ere was lover.
Then God whom no heart can conceive
immortall. onely wiſe,
The firſt and laſt, that ever was,
ſhall ſtand before mine eyes.
That face that never man could ſee,
but at the ſight muſt dye,
The riches of that glorious face,
I living ſhall deſcry.
The wiſedome that from out his lips
like ſtreames of life doth flow,
Unto my undeſerving Soule,
his grace will freely ſhow.

Then with exceſſe of joy my heart,
my cheerfull heart ſhall ſing,
And ſo exalted downe ſhall fall,
and bow before heavens King.
This is the top of all delights,
the pleaſure of all pleaſures,
The excellent beauty of his face,
is treaſure of all treaſures.
O farre beyond what ere I ſaw,
O ever ſhining light,
How poore and empty language is,
to expreſſe this glorious ſight!
The ſum of all my hopes is this,
that I my ſelfe ſhall be
Fild full of glory when this ſight
of glory I ſhall ſee.
I ſhall be ſwallowed up of love,
eternall love will take
A firme poſſeſſion of my heart,
and there his dwelling make.
Of God himſelfe I ſhall partake,
his armes ſhall then enfold me,
His mercy and compaſſion,

from

from falling then ſhall hold me.
And when thoſe laſting pleaſures ſhall
encompaſſe me about,
When hidden love ſhall be diſclos'd,
and from his heart flye out,
Then ſhall my lips be opened,
my voyce I then ſhall raiſe,
The utmoſt part of heaven ſhall ring
with ſounding of his praiſe.
The Father, Sonne, and Holy Ghoſt,
their workes and what they are,
I and my Brethren with one heart
will cheerefully declare;
Their love & goodneſſe knows no end,
but boundleſſe is and ſwelling,
Though we doe nothing elſe but tell,
we may be ſtill a telling.
In giving God deſerved praiſe,
that to him doth belong,
From time to time, from age to age,
we muſt extend one ſong.
And O that we could now begin,
this much deſired ſpeech!

Twould

Twould make the world admire our mirth
and the ſame language teach.
To ſing of God how pleaſant tis!
it takes away all ſadneſſe,
The hony is not halfe ſo ſweet,
it fils my heart with gladneſſe.
My lips doe long to ſpeake of him,
mine eyes to ſee his face,
They nere ſhal have enough they think
of his excelling grace.
Within his boſome that I were,
To God that I were knit,
I nere would leave his loving ſide,
but cloſer would I get.
Then ſhould I live the life of God,
and all I now enjoy,
The earth, and all the earth cals good,
Ide reckon as a toy.
My covetous heart will nere be pleas'd
I nere ſhall thinke me bleſt,
Of God, the ever-glorious God,
except I be poſſeſt.
O Son of man who art become

the

the King of heavens Heire,
Wel maiſt thou ſpeed thou bleſſed one,
and well mayeſt thou fare.
Thy former birth thou haſt ſhooke off
and art begotten new.
O noble birth! no Prince ere had
ſo brave a birth as you.
Thou art begot of the great King,
immortall, full of dayes,
The King of glory and of Kings,
whom all the world obeyes.
One of his Noble Princely Peeres,
on whom his favour ſhines,
More rich than if thou didſt enjoy
the treaſure of all Mines.
O doting fooles that on the world
your chiefe deſires ſet,
Looke up to heaven, and to the God
of all contentment get.
God and his deareſt Son dwels there,
thy brethren there abide,
Bleſt dayes, eternall life, with joy
and endleſſe peace reſide.

Excelling beauty, pleaſures ſuch
as never can wax old,
Abiding riches, more than thought
or fancy ere can hold,
Rich livings with Elyſian fields,
and peaces Paradiſe,
There's thrones of rich and glorious
and all thou canſt deviſe. (light
There gold & pretious ſtones are droſſe
men as the Sun doe ſhine,
The heart which earthy was before,
will there become divine.
That man had but an eye to ſee,
the gates of Heaven ope,
That I could but invent a way
to furniſh him with hope.
Hope is as glittering as the Sunne,
all darkneſſe it diſpels,
The miſts of error it diſſolves,
and all miſtakings elſe.
With joy unſpeakable it joyes,
and doth it ſelfe advance,
It worketh wonders in the heart,

and brings into a Trance,
Where man is lifted out of man,
and from himſelfe bereaven;
And then the heart is raviſhed
being taken up to heaven.
Hope looketh on eternall life,
and what the eye can't ſee,
It ſees the bright all-ſhining King,
it viewes his Majeſty;
Vertue and life it lookes upon,
and then it doth diſcover
Where love with endleſſe merey too,
with righteouſneſſe doe hover.
And laſt of all hope ſees that God,
that no beginning knew,
To whom all things their being owe,
both what is old and new.
To him I gladly would returne,
as to the Sea the Spring,
To him the Fountaine of all good,
I long me thinkes to cling.
When in the clouds on wings of flame
that glorious King ſhall ride,

Then

Then ſhall we meete him as a Queene,
and ſo become his Bride;
Our wedding coate we will put on,
the ornaments of love,
Our Crowne and rich attire withall
that can affection move;
Then Chriſt ſhall take me by the hand
and me to God ſhall give,
With whom eſpouſd for evermore
My bleſſed Soule ſhall live.
This is a myſtery indeed,
but hope doth all things ſee,
It vaunts, it boaſts, yet is not proud,
nor is this foolery.
Thus having ſpoke but what is truth,
Hope dares to ſhew his head,
Since Gods love could not be expreſt,
though ten times more were ſaid.
Hope doth to God betake it ſelfe
and in his boſome reſt,
And of the tree of life it eates,
as a moſt welcome gueſt.
It drinkes the pureſt ſtreames of life,

and

and Angels food it eates,
And what ſeems dainties in this world
it counts but loathſome meates.
See mortall man what is my hope,
for ſure this hope is mine,
I nere will be aſham'd to vaunt,
ſo rich 'tis and Divine.

MEDITATION. VII.

Concerning the worke of Love.

O Wretched man from death & hell,
who ſhall my ſoule deliver?
My heart is beaten downe with ſin,
my ſpirit is vexed ever.
O ſlave compell'd by ſubtill ſleights,
to ſuch unmanly acts,
By ſin perſwaded gainſt thy heart,
to ſuch unworthy facts.

O too weake hands and feeble knees,
how quickly did you faile!
The heart it ſelfe, how ſoone it faints!
his courage doth prevaile,
And having got the Mastery,
how proudly doth he crow?
Yea though ſubmiſſively we yeeld,
he will no mercy ſhow.
And thou O man, though ſold to ſin,
doſt like a tyrant raigne,
Under whoſe luſts the earth doth grone
the hils and watry Maine;
Both beaſts and fiſhes, with the birds,
that in the ayre abide,
Trees, herbs, graſs, flowers, & e'ry thing
the earth containes beſide;
When thou cõmandeſt they are broght
and downe their neckes they lay,
Yea man himſelf, mans proud cõmands
doth to his death obey.
O ſeed of ſin! O curſed man!
O night and darkneſſe all!
O Vipers brood, that eat'ſt thine owne
con-

compos'd of nought but gall!
O man poſſeſt by ſin, or man,
or devill, what ere it be,
That thinkſt to bring my ſoule to death
and all hels miſery!
O ſtrong old man, uſurping ſin,
that raign'ſt and rul'ſt at will,
At whoſe commands the whole world ſtoops,
O Lord this Viper kill.
How can I chuſe but hate the wretch,
ſince he doth labour ſo
To make me taſte the bitter cup
of everlaſting woe?
My ſpirit would leape for joy to ſee
my enemy faſt bound,
To ſee him gaſping, ſeeke for breath,
after his deadly wound.
And ſee he's dead, the Sonne of God,
hath ſtrucke him to the heart,
Oh how he ſtrugleth yet for life,
how loath he is to part!
His pangs of death are ſtrong, and yet
he labours to draw breath,

But though he live and ſtirre a while,
he cannot eſcape death.
And now he's dead, the old mans dead
the devils eldeſt ſonne;
See where the crafty Serpent lies,
his plots are all undone.
Now is the time O world, thy joy
and gladneſſe to expreſſe;
Adorne thy ſelfe with mirth and love,
put on thy choyceſt dreſſe.
For ſin that would for ever raigne,
and alwayes kept thee under,
See, all his ſtrength is now but vaine,
his heart is burſt aſunder.
To every man where ere he dwell,
this certaine news I bring,
Within no place my ſpirit ſhall feare,
this cheerefull newes to ſing.
Rejoyce, O earth, I ſay rejoyce,
rejoyce O heart, I ſay,
Sing forth for joy, and all thy flags
of victory diſplay.
For ſin the Serpent that within

thy

thy very ſoule was bred,
Whoſe venom'd teeth did poyſon all
thy goodneſſe, now is dead:
As dead as if he nere had liv'd,
the Viper doth remaine:
See, all his breath and ſpirits are gone,
by Gods owne Lambe he's ſlaine.
O you that feele the ſpirit of God
within your heart to move,
That finde how ſweet a thing it is,
to enjoy the God of love,
With me fall downe, and to his name
acknowledge all the praiſe,
That from the loweſt ſtep of hell,
Our dying ſoules did raiſe.
I droopt alas, and hung the head,
and did confeſſe my ſin,
And to my griefe of heart, I ſaw
the ſtate that I was in,
Then ſaid I, ſince the God of heaven
and earth muſt needs be juſt,
My hope is loſt, I ſee no way,
but periſh needs I muſt,

But as my ſoule was ſinking downe,
a word of joy I heard,
O man thou ſhalt not dye, but live;
looke up, be not afraid.
Thy ſins which like a cloud did ſtand,
betwixt my love and thee,
The abundance of my mercy hath
removed farre from me.
I have forgiven and forgot,
by my owne ſelfe I ſweare,
Thy multitude of treſpaſſes,
though numberleſſe they were.
Yea, thou O Lord not onely didſt
my crying ſins forgive,
But to my heart reveal'dſt thy love,
and mad'ſt my ſoule to live.
For which how can I chuſe but love,
and alwayes honour thee,
That freely of thy mercy haſt
ſo truely loved me;
That haſt paſt by ten thouſand ſins,
and twenty thouſand more,
Yea, if I would their number tell,

I never muſt give ore.
To him the everliving God,
from whom our joyes doe ſpring,
The life and end of all our hopes,
our Father, and our King,
To him our knees and hearts as low,
as loweſt earth we lay,
And all we have from him alone,
we have receiv'd we ſay.
This God of love, as life I love,
no other will I ſerve,
Away ye fooles, perſwade me not,
from him Ile never ſwerve.
He onely ſhall take up my thoughts,
who pleas'd to let me know,
That I am ſav'd, and that my life
to him alone I owe.
To him my joy, and my delight,
my love, my onely pleaſure,
My riches, my inheritance,
my ſoules excelling treaſure.
Than women, or the choyceſt wines,
his kiſſes are more ſweet,

Than all thoſe gums and ſpices, that
in ſweeteſt perfumes meet.
The Lord is mine, and I am his,
my ſelfe I doe deliver
Into his hands, who of my ſelfe,
and all I have is giver.
He firſt did love, he firſt did bleſſe,
he firſt did kindneſſe ſhow,
All love that we can pay to him,
for his firſt love we owe.
My Love, is Love, O lovely one
ſurpaſſing all the reſt,
Amidſt ten thouſand lovely ones,
my lovely one is beſt.
Farewell from henceforth all delights,
all beauties elſe adue,
My heart and ſoule, my deareſt love,
ſhall cleave to none but you.
Thus is he bleſt, whom God redeem'd,
and whom he loved ſo:
The certainety whereof thy faith
and bleſſed ſpirit doth ſhow.
O endleſſe love without all bounds,

The heaven is not ſo high,
Frō Eaſt to Weſt, frō North to South,
a leſſer ſpace doth lye.
Than God, thy mother was leſſe kind,
that form'd and foſter'd thee,
Thine heart doth know that thine own heart
was not ſo kind as he.
Love tooke his dwelling in my Soule,
and filled me throughout.
And for my ſafeguard, as a wall,
it compaſs'd me about.
As on the waxe the ſeale doth leave
the figure that it beares,
Even ſo my ever-cheerefull Soule,
Loves owne impreſſion weares.
Love ſeiſed and poſſeſſed me,
it covered me quite over,
So that my Soule is now become
a very skilfull Lover.
This love I would not leave for gold,
for Honey, or for Wine,
But why doe I compare ſuch toyes
as theſe to love divine?

Kiſſe me my Love, embrace me Sweete,
encompaſſe me my Joy,
O let me ever love my God,
whoſe love can never cloy.
Thogh many things are ſweet, thy love
is ſweeter than them all,
O like the Ocean let it ſwell,
and never let it fall.
Though love all dainty fare exceeds,
all richeſt Wines excels,
Although no banquet be ſo ſweet,
or ought that's pleaſant elſe;
Yet as our water or the bread
that every day we eate,
Tis common, as the common ayre,
or our moſt uſuall meat.
From loves great banquet now I came,
my ſoule on dainties fed,
The cates & pleaſant fruits were there,
my ſpirits raviſhed.
For ever let me ſo be fed,
and I ſhall ſtill have ſtore,
Theſe ſtreames of life O let me drinke,

and I ſhall thirſt no more.
And O my love, ten thouſand thankes
for thy ſweet love I give,
When I forget to love my Love,
let me no longer live.
I muſt confeſſe I play the blab,
but love conſtraineth me,
In things Divine that all concerne,
no need of ſecreſie.
Enticing beauty, hence away,
thy pleaſures are but dreames,
Bewitching gold I baniſh quite,
that is not what it ſeemes,
Ah filthy dung, ſhould I preferre
ſuch empty toyes as theſe,
Before my God, my Love, my life,
whoſe joyes doe onely pleaſe?
That were an unkind part indeed,
ſo to neglect his love,
The ſweets wherof ten thouſand times
my once ſad ſoule did prove.
Than Mothers love, or Nurſes care,
than wives or friends embrace,

Thy love O God within my ſoule,
doth take a deeper place.
There let it firme poſſeſſion take,
let me be fill'd with love,
Its root let no wild tempeſts rage,
or fiery tryall move.
For thee O everlaſting Prince,
thy glory never ceaſe,
God crown thy life with endles yeares,
thy endleſſe yeares with peace.
Ride on and proſper Noble Prince,
but let thine enemies
Be ſcatter'd like the empty chaffe,
when Northerne windes ariſe.
I love thee for thy Fathers ſake,
and for thine owne, my ſweete,
For why! ſuch hearty love as thine,
my ſoule did never greet.
Oh my deare love, thy ſelfe with love,
as with a garment decke;
Wear't as a Crowne upon thy head,
as chaines about thy necke.
O tis an excellent thing, this love,

ſurpaſſing quite our reach;
It ſwelleth not, it is not proud,
but gently doth it teach.
Love ever ſeekes his neighbors good,
it helpes, it hurteth not,
It hates all ill, and does all good,
it covereth many a blot,
It carries bleſſings in its mouth,
and hates all wicked deeds,
It is a ſparke of that bleſt flame,
from God himſelfe proceeds;
Yea, I may ſay, tis God himſelfe,
'twas love that firſt man made,
'Twas love that choſe him, yea 'twas love
that his great ranſome paid:
It is the choyceſt of choyce things,
the ſweeteſt of all ſweets;
O let my ſoule be ever fed,
with ſuch delicious meats.
The time ſhall come when as a flood,
the ſtreames of love ſhall flow,
The Ocean ſhall not ſwell ſo high,
though mighty winds doe blow.

When I my dayes have finiſhed,
and bid the world adue,
Then O my God and Saviour,
my Soule ſhall reſt with you.

Why, O my Brother, art thou ſad?
why doſt thou looke ſo wan?
This world I'm ſure can harbor nought
ſhould vex a Chriſtian man.
Why, thou ſhouldſt rather with a look
as chearefull as bright day,
With mirth & Pſalmes extol that God
that wip't thy ſins away;
That others might by ſeeing thee,
give over to be ſad,
That truth which from thy lips ſhould flow
may make thy Brethren glad.
A man would think that ſees thy face,
ſo covered ore with teares,
Thy ſad condition ſtill remain'd,
thy ſins and doubtfull feares,
That vengeance ſtil hung ore thy head,
that

that God was not appeas'd,
That ſtill the Law and death remain'd,
thy loaden backe uneas'd,
That Chriſt on whom our hopes did
did never fleſh aſſume, (lye
That he was never ſtretch'd on Croſſe,
or ever laid in Tombe,
When as I'm ſure thou thy ſelf knowſt
theſe things were all once done,
And that thou'l't ſooner doubt tis day,
when as thou ſeeſt the Sun.
If therefore God is pleas'd with thee,
and hath forgave thy ſin,
Why, O my Brother, art thou ſad
and vexed ſo within?
Looke up, I ſay, or tell me why
thou rather downe ſhouldſt looke,
O tell me why thou hang'ſt thy head
as if thou wert forſooke.
Alas, alas! doſt thou not ſee
how all the world does croſſe me,
What great afflictions day and night
unceſſantly doe toſſe me?

The Sun or Larke is not ſo ſoone
about their worke as I,
The better part of night is ſpent
ere in my bed I lie;
And yet to ſee for all my cares
and labours never ceaſe,
My ſtate and riches doe not thrive,
my goods doe not encreaſe.
Alas poor man, what ſhallow thoughts
doe now poſſeſſe thy heart?
As if thy great eſtate and thee,
were never more to part,
Yea what content does wealth afford,
though honours doe adorne it?
Obſerve and ſee the wiſeſt men
Have ever learn'd to ſcorne it.
They knew full well that care abounds
and riches both together,
Unleſſe the mind were firſt reſolv'd
to ſet it ſelfe on neither:
And then as little will content,
as nature ſelfe requires,
And having food and rayment, ſhe

doth

doth finish her desires.
Observe the Lilies how they grow,
they neither card nor spin,
Yet Kings are not so fine in all
the bravery they are in.
The innocent and harmelesse Birds,
all carefull thoughts foregoe,
The beasts enjoying but themselves
no carking thoughts ere know.
They never breake their quiet sleepe,
their trading to advance,
No fire, or robbers force they feare,
or any other chance;
They wage no warre, or are unjust
in an ill-govern'd state,
By others lusts they grow not rich,
or thrive by their debate;
They busie not their heads with Acts,
or new inventions find,
To make new bookes or fashions,
they nere distract their minde;
Within themselves they find content,
no pleasures else they faine,

The innocence that God firſt gave,
they ſweetly ſtill retaine.
O bleſt and uncorrupted ſtate,
how happy muſt it be,
That ſtill retaines the native ſtampe
of its integrity!
And was not man made perfect too?
the creature that doth beare
The very Image of his God,
his Makers Character?
O wretched man, ſtands he in need
of ſuperfluities,
High fare, rich buildings, brave attire,
or ſuch like toyes as theſe?
Which if he loſe, with lookes diſtract,
he cryes he is undone,
As if theſe outward things and he,
were now become all one.
For ſhame at laſt become your ſelves,
your manly ſpirits take,
A new abode within your hearts
let reaſon once more make;
And careful thoughts of earthly things
and

and uſeleſſe arts forſake.
In ſtead of wealth, thy ſelfe enjoy,
have vertue for thy ſtore,
Let grace abound within thy heart,
and thou ſhalt want no more.
It matters not though proud ones ſwel
and ſcornefull *Iſmael* riſe,
Though worldly men through ignorance
thy humble ſtate deſpiſe;
Although they tread thee like the chaffe,
their malice can but be
Thy bodies tyrant, ſtill thy mind,
and noble ſpirit's free.
Contentment is not what the world
and worldly men moſt pleaſes,
But what a well diſpoſed ſoule
in midſt of ſorrowes eaſes.
Thy thoughts on heaven muſt be fixt,
and heavenly joyes above,
And for that little time thou liveſt,
thy buſineſſe is to love:
But when this world, which is moſt good,
the workes of God are ſo,

Thou

Thou ſhalt for a more happy place
moſt willingly forgoe,
Thy Father, and thy faithfull Spouſe,
with open armes ſhall greet thee,
Such friends as thine own ſoule deſires
the Sonnes of God ſhall meet thee.

FINIS.